

INTERNATIONAL

**H&E**

MONTHLY

VOL. 93 No. 7 CAN. \$4.95 U.K. £1.90  
495 PTAS GG. 70330

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For all enquiries relating to subscriptions or book and video orders, phone:  
H & E International Marketing on 071-253 5580. Fax 071-253 0539.

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*We publish news, views and reflections on the nudist and naturist scene. This includes the wider world, where nudity and naked living are now accepted. We believe in the cause of social nakedness and intend to promote it.*

*We offer a wide platform so all may speak. We believe in tolerance and an open mind to all aspects of naturism. For this reason, the opinions expressed in literary contributions are not necessarily those of the editor.*

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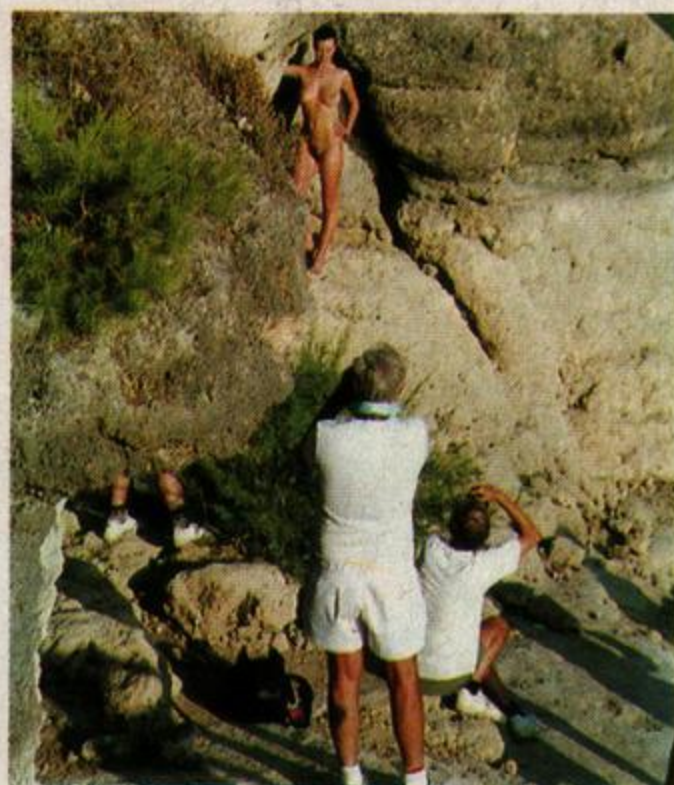
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**HOW TO WIN FRIENDS  
and INFLUENCE TEXTILES**



✓ We all *know* how wonderful we nudists are, so how come the population is not stripping off in droves? George Target tells us how to convert at least a few of them.



*Some will, some won't.*

**T**HERE are obvious advantages to us in being naturists — but what difference should our nakedness make to other people?

Yes, we look sun-tanned and healthy, we tend to be fitter because of all that larking about in the fresh air, all those beach games and hours of swimming, and we are mostly balanced about our sexuality.

At the very least we have very few hang-ups about nakedness.

Wow! Hurrah for us! We are the Champions!

So why aren't more people more impressed? Why are we still mostly thought of as cranks at best and sexual perverts at worst? Why are there so few official beaches? No sections of Public Parks allocated for naked sun-bathing? Hardly any sessions at Public Baths for naked swimming? Why are we liable to be charged with Indecent Exposure.

Now it's too easy to answer such questions by blaming the rest of society in general and other people in particular.

'It's the parents,' we mutter into our sun-oil. 'Celibate priests, inadequate teachers . . . and then there's Mary Whitehouse!'

Yes, we are all convinced that embarrassment about nakedness is their problem, not ours. We all know that shame about sexuality still corrupts our society, that sexual ignorance remains the norm rather than the exception.

And we are all aware of that sickening hypocrisy which forbids innocent nakedness on our beaches whilst at the same time making money from the simpering pornography of



*Good wine, good company.*

girlie magazines and grubby seaside postcards.

Look at the magazines, and nakedness is obviously the dark obsession of those who buy them. Look at the childish double-meanings of the postcards, and sexual frustration cankers those who send them.

### **SICKENING HYPOCRISY**

Yet these miserable and inadequate moralists dare to point the finger at us for being happily human all over at once?

Unfortunately, such judgments are all too enjoyably easy to make . . . and totally useless if we are ever to

change the people we are judging.

True, they first judge us — but it doesn't help our case to judge them straight back. What good does it do to behave like Members of Parliament in the House of Commons?

Let's accept the facts as they are: people are like that, right?

To go on judging (and even condemning) isn't going to change them, but will almost certainly make them behave even worse.

For a comparable example, it's no use telling smokers that you loathe them all, that smoking is a selfish and stomach-churning habit, and that they are smelly, ash-smeared, finger-stained, fur-tongued, foul-breathed,

lung-rotted, and probably impotent. That kissing them would be like kissing an ash-tray . . . and, anyway, you find them about as sexually attractive as the bottom of a sick parrot's cage.

Make friends for life, wouldn't you?

Or, again, you don't persuade meat-eaters to

### **DENIED FREEDOMS**

become vegetarians by blasting off about the bloody slaughter of innocent animals to provide them with dead flesh to gorge on . . . but, rather, you cook a delicious vegetarian meal so tasty that they'll demand second-helpings.

Once you go beady-eyed and judgemental about any controversial subject, you lose the very people you'd like to persuade.

So, to tell the textiles that we believe they are the kinks for covering their genitals isn't going to encourage them to take off even their socks, let alone their fig-leaves.

Why not leave them alone to get on with it?

Well, for one thing, they are the people who deny us our own freedoms to behave as we choose within the limits set by our respect for the freedom of others.

If we are ever to achieve the right to go naked whenever it's warm enough, we must first





### *Naturism is something to shout about.*

persuade enough of them to allow us to exercise our freedom.

It may be unfair that we would allow them to remain fully clothed on any of our few official beaches, whilst most of them would like to prevent us from going naked except behind locked doors . . . but where is it written that life is fair?

But, more than those small small-minded considerations, we ought to want them to be as happy and free as we are, to share the pleasures of sun and nakedness — yet, ultimately, it must always remain their choice.

So we must do nothing to put them under the sort of strain which they are so quick to put on us.

Remember that we are the civilised ones seeking to improve the world for everybody.

For instance, suppose you are with a group of friends, men and women, in some place where you could take off your clothes without any risk of 'offending' strangers.

Well, rather than make a Big Deal of it, rather than start a discussion which might make it all much more

important that it really is, why not merely undress to sunbathe or go swimming as though it's simply the most natural thing in the world to do?

Yes, we believe that it's exactly that — but they may not.

It is now entirely up to them to object to your natural nakedness if they want to: they, not you, have got to start any discussion.

And, from my own experience, and that of many other naturists, you will probably find that most of

### **STOMACH CHURNING**

them have no objection . . . and will very likely join you in your natural state.

Their knee-jerk objections will disappear after a little while as they get used to the idea.

Whatever you do, don't make any sort of comment about those who keep their clothes on, or who struggle modestly into a costume. That's their freedom, and you must respect it.

If there is any discussion, explain why you prefer nakedness, but please don't make anybody feel bad about staying dressed.

In other words, you come over as a balanced and tolerant person, free and easy and happy to be who you are, somebody who obviously enjoys life and the living of it, good to know, a pleasure to be with. And the fact that you are naked soon ceases to be of any great importance.

And the next time you are

### **RETAINING FREEDOM**

with those friends some of them may even be naked before you've so much as undone the first button.

Which will be their free choice.

If being naked makes any difference to us, that difference must show; not merely in our all-over suntan and the innocence of our flesh, but in the sort of people we are.

To be a naturist is to be natural, unaffected and unashamed, mostly cheerful



*Don't let textiles tread on you.*





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(though with a serious side), warm-hearted, sensuous in our enjoyment of the simple pleasures of the flesh, tolerant, loving, fulfilled, comfortable in a thoroughly human body.

Now, obviously, without being smug and off-putting, there aren't all that many of us about these days . . . and we should be recognisable enough

### SENSUOUS ENJOYMENT

to cause people to ask: 'Why are they like that? What have they got which must be so happy-making?'

No, it's not just the nakedness: that's not the sole cause . . . but merely one of the many satisfying results of being human all over.

So don't make war on textiles . . . give them the chance to join the human race with us.

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# CONFESSIONS OF AN H&E GROUP LEADER

**J**ANE phoned me in March to ask if I'd like to go on the H & E trip to Costa Natura to do the write up.

'One of us will be going along as Group Leader' she assured me.

I've never been good at the Butlin's Redcoat bit . . . my only experience of organising fun being with my two kids, where I used the 'enjoy it or else' approach when they were little, and insisted it would be character building if they organised their own activities as they grew older.

Jane phoned me in July to say the staff member may only be able to go for one week, but not to worry because by the end of the first week when they left, the organising would be done.

Jane phoned me in early September to say that only enough people had booked to allow for one H & E representative. She paused.

'How do you feel about doing it on your own?' she ventured.

I'm too scared to admit I can't tackle something. Generally I adopt the British stiff upper lip and say silly things like 'No probs' then break into a sweat ten minutes later.

My sense of panic increased as



*The Willing Volunteer . . .*



*. . . and the reason why.*

I arrived at Gatwick and scanned the crowds for the telling pink Peng Travel labels. Never having been on an H & E holiday, the faces meant nothing to me. I'd forgotten that my own face would be rather more familiar with H & E readers.

'Hello Mary!' a man with a peaked yachting cap was smiling at me, then another, and another. They were coming at me from all angles.

'Hello Mary! I'm Malcolm'

'Hello Mary, I'm John and this is Andy'

---

**"The list is the first-time leader's Zimmer frame!"**

---

'Hi, I'm Malcolm.' Hang on a second, hadn't he already introduced himself?

We made our own way like a ragged swarm of bees through the packed terminus to our departure lounge.

By this time I had resorted to the list. The list, I discovered, is the first-time Group Leader's Zimmer frame and I was leaning on mine heavily.

'Hi, you must be . . . ' I would run my fingers down the list and inevitably the person would introduce themselves. I soon found we were knee deep in Jims, well supplied with Keiths and Kenneths and yes, there were two Malcolms. Would I ever know who was who?

When we were called through to board the plane, I felt relieved that we were finally off. Or so I thought.

As I strapped myself into my window seat and prepared for take-off, I heard my name called over the tannoy. One of our group had fainted in the departure lounge and, having hit his head hard as he fell, was in no state to fly.

I returned to find him surrounded by screens and concerned Dan Air staff. I cannot be too praising of the way the incident was handled by them, despite the plane having to be delayed one hour while they



**Mary Stephenson, one of our best known writers, was . . . er . . . persuaded to take our group of H & E readers to Costa Natura last September. Both she and the choice of resort proved to be absolutely A1.**

removed his luggage from the hold of the plane. The nurse wanted him to be admitted to hospital to be given a thorough check and I couldn't argue with her suggestion.

Finally we took off and I gratefully accepted the free drink I was offered by the hostess. This must surely be my baptism by fire.

We left Gatwick in torrential rain and arrived to blue skies and sunshine at Gibraltar airport three hours later. Peter Englert from Peng Travel was there to meet us and herd us through the confusing traditions of the nearby Spanish border.

Going into Spain from Gibraltar, coaches have to spit out their passenger at the frontier,

then pick them up again on the other side. Crossing the other way is far more civilised.

The coach took us along one of the most dangerous roads in Europe, the Costa del Sol coast road, but fortunately this journey only lasts half an hour.

Entering Costa Natura is like going from Hell into Heaven. Outside the main road roars like

an angry dragon belching exhaust fumes.

On the far side the earth looks barren, the houses have high walls and thick bars at their windows. The people are unsmiling as they hurry away from the noise of the traffic.

Inside Costa Natura the sounds are of birds singing, there are

**COME  
AWAY  
WITH  
US!**



***No rain today!***



***Happy to be here.***

flowers and trees everywhere, the windows and doors are unbarred and open.

Most telling of all are the smiling faces of the people you pass, the friendly greetings. If ever there were an advertisement for the naturist way of life in sharp contrast to 'normal' life, this must be it.

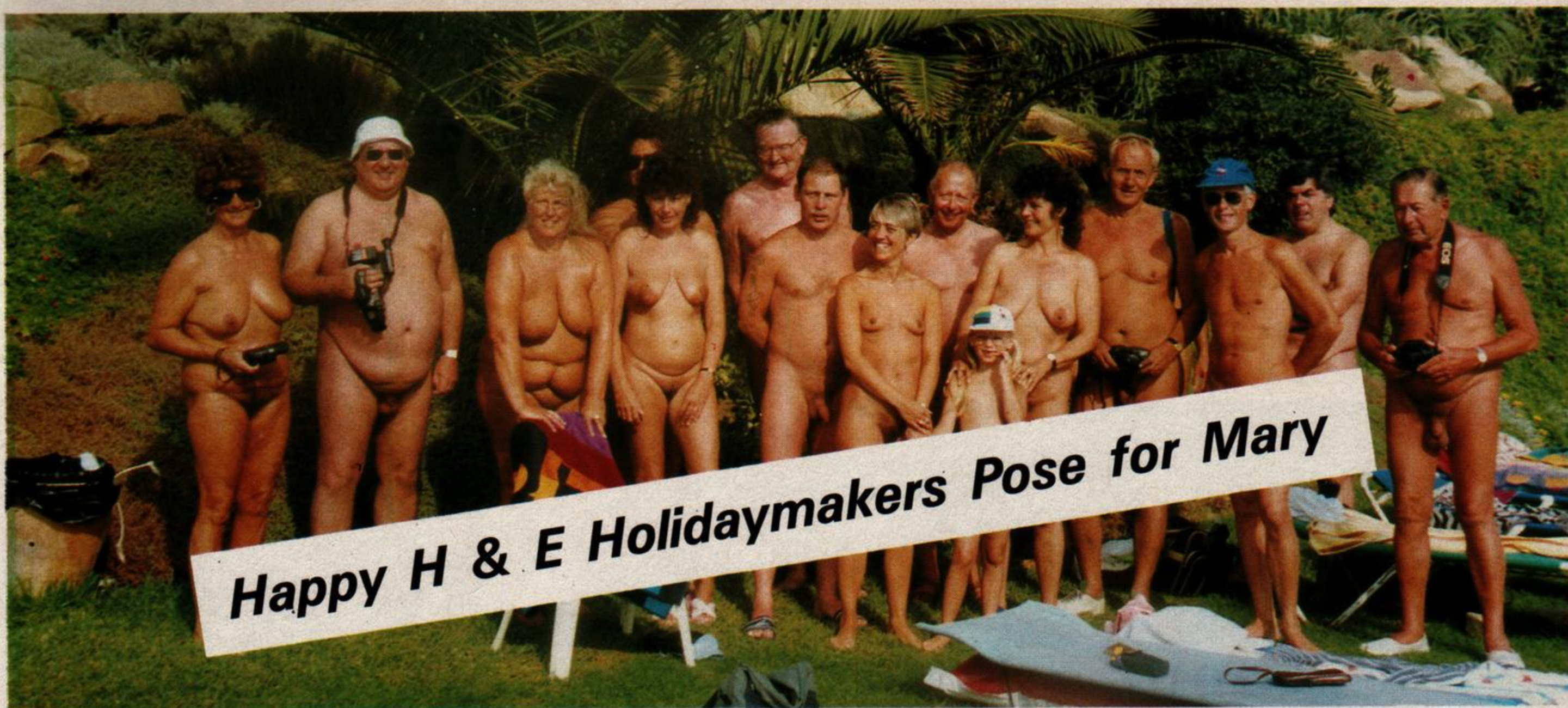
***"Outside the main road roars like an angry dragon"***

There is a legend at Costa Natura about the workmen who built the place. It is said they started to number the apartments shortly before midday. After consuming a generous quantity of wine at lunch, they grew tired of following any sequence and stuck on the number plates at random.

Thus newcomers are swiftly identified, they are the ones trailing their suitcases and saying 'There's number 159, so 163 must be near'.

I was sharing a four person apartment with Pam and we were pleased with our accommodation and its terrace edged with





colourful creepers. We were just across the way from the small supermarket on one of the main thoroughfares.

Pam being a smoker, most of our time at the apartment was spent sitting outside on the terrace. Soon our place became known as the 'café' where cups of coffee and tea were served to any of the H & E group passing by.

My memory of our first evening is a haze of calling people by the wrong name. The crowd from Manchester had arrived, among them two Jims and a Keith.

'Hi Keith.'

'I'm Malcolm.'

'Right, well . . . um,' I lean on my list, 'Ah yes. Well Malcolm, we thought it best if we meet for a drink each evening at 7.00 in the bar, then sit down to dinner around 8.00 O.K.?'

'I'm used to eating at 6.00.'

Peter Englert was doing the biz

**"They grew tired and stuck on number plates at random"**

that night, standing up at dinner and banging the table for some hush so he could make announcements. With a sinking heart, I realised this was also expected of me.

Our arrival at the restaurant and bar, the social centre of Costa Natura, was greeted with a mixture of pleasure and suspicion. Suspicion because we virtually doubled the numbers and pleasure because the bar had been restocked for our arrival. Had the reputation of H & E trips gone before us?

The following morning we had been invited to the weekly

Welcome Party. At midday everyone new congregates on the terrace outside the restaurant, overlooking the elegant swimming pool.

The waiters come round with free glasses of Sangria and Linda, the animateur, welcomes everyone in five languages. She also tells them about the activities she will be organising for the enthusiasts. As well as the volley ball, swimming pool games and boules competitions there are special evenings on Wednesdays and

Fridays. Sauna and massage are available in a hut by the steps down to the beach, there is a launderette and of course the supermarket, run by the lovely Bertha.

My own investigations had been into the trips available. There were several to choose from, all leaving from Costa Natura, but already the timetable looked busy.

On the Tuesday Richard Culverhouse of Hillbrow Holidays was coming to meet

those of the H & E group who were going on his photographic trips.

The trips themselves took place on the Wednesday and Thursday. Friday was Flamenco Night and nobody wanted to risk being back late for that. Which only left Saturday for those who were with us for a week and returning on the Sunday.

**"Sure enough there was a lizard preserved in the bottle"**



***What shall we do today then?***

We were all concerned about the fellow who had fainted at Gatwick. It didn't seem right that we had left without him, despite having no option. So the news that he was arriving on the Monday was greeted with delight and Peter Englert and I drove to Gibraltar to meet his flight. Back at Costa Natura I introduced him to the others.

'This is Alister.'

'No, I'm Andy.'

Soon we got down to the business of enjoying ourselves. There were those who shopped at the supermarket and the bigger one outside Costa Natura across the road, then cooked lunch in their apartments. Others of us sat by the pool and ordered from the reasonably priced menu. For four days each week we had dinner and breakfast at the restaurant paid for. This meant we could all meet each evening and swap stories of the day.

Wednesday was not one of those evenings but there were few of us who could resist paying the 1,300 pesetas (approx. £7) for the superb buffet laid on in the dining room each week.

On the first Thursday evening,



another day when we didn't have half board, we went out as a group to 'La Menorah', a good restaurant across the road. The second Thursday we shared taxis and went into Estepona to sample the different restaurants at the port.

Five of us ate at the 'Mare Nostrum', a Chinese restaurant, and were well pleased with our meal. Several times we

**"Three musketeers,  
Little and Large,  
PJ Proby, Abdul,  
Ringo and Julio"**

commented on the vast array of dishes they had produced for us, and the waiter would appear with yet another one.

When we had finished eating we were offered a liqueur on the house to drink with our coffee. One choice was Lizard Liqueur, and when we gasped in disbelief the waiter brought the bottle out to show us. Sure enough, there was the lizard belly dancing in the bottle. We went for the Lychee Liqueur instead.

It may seem strange to eat at a Chinese restaurant when in Spain, but truly original Spanish restaurants are few and far between on the Costa del Sol. Instead just about every other cuisine was on offer in Estepona and some of the party had a traditional English Sunday lunch after their visit to the Sunday morning market.

Each day a group of us would collect around one section of the lawn by the pool and spend our time in idle chat or stretched out in the sun.

One of the Malcolms joined in all the games with great enthusiasm. From the side of the



***Armed and ready to shoot.***

pool we cheered him on to victory in the Lilo Race.

Others chose to spend their day down on the beach but swimming was precarious because of the sea urchins.

Some of the more active took walks along the beach. It is possible to walk to Estepona although it gets difficult at high tide.

All too quickly a week had passed and we were saying goodbye to six of our party. We teased them about the good weather they would be leaving behind.

'We'll think of you,' we said, 'as we lie sweltering in the sun.'

That was on the Sunday. The following Wednesday we were woken by an unusual sound. Rain was falling in cascades. But we were splendidly British about it and found other things to do, telling each other it would be sunny again on Thursday. It wasn't.

By Friday the game of Trionimoes was beginning to seem samey. By Saturday we were desperate. Rumour had it that Britain was enjoying temperatures in the seventies while we shivered.

Saturday night was our last one and a birthday party for Emma, the only child in the group, doubled as a final get-together. At

dinner we made a collection for the waiters who had so tirelessly and amiably looked after us.

We called them in and lined them up so that I could present them with the card we had all signed and the money we had collected. Then I kissed each of them — being Group Leader has its perks.

Several minutes later they reappeared with bottles of champagne which they poured on us and toasted us with.

The name problem was solved eventually as our own versions emerged. There were the three Musketeers, Little and Large, P.J. Proby, Abdul, Ringo and the handsome Julio.

Costa Natura, despite the rain, was reckoned to be a good choice of resort for the H & E trip. Many said they would like to return and

**"We cheered him to  
victory in the  
lilo race"**

I know I would.

But it's not just the place that is important, it's the people, and as we headed back for Gibraltar I was moved to do something I thought I never would. I stood up and made a speech. I just had to say what a great bunch they'd all been.

*(Ed's note: I'd like to say a 'public' thank-you to Mary for looking after our readers so well. Many of them wrote in to tell me how much they enjoyed the holiday.)*

\* \* \*

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***Twisting by the pool.***



***Snacking au naturel.***



# PICTURE THIS . . .

**S** EVEN of the H & E group went on the two photographic day trips organised by Richard Culverhouse. I joined them, not so much to explore my field tolerances or improve my flash technique, but to see some of the countryside and, more to the point, photograph the photographers, preferably with their knickers off.

On the Wednesday we were picked up by Richard and Steve, the photographer, promptly at 10.00 a.m. We drove along the coast to Fuengirola, then headed up into the foothills to Mijas.

Although it was October, Mijas still seethed with cars bringing tourists to this well known 'white village'. Another popular form of transport is the donkey and there they were, patiently waiting, dressed up in embroidered saddles and straps.

Those on the H & E trip are well acquainted with my penchant for donkeys. I love their soft



*Katie, nude model among naturists.*

**Mary gives us further insight into the H & E readers' holiday as she reports on the photographic trip arranged as an extra option.**

brown eyes, their silky ears and their spirited obstinacy when they refuse to do what humans dictate. But these were standing sadly subservient, waiting to carry yet another overfed tourist on an inconsequential trip through the narrow streets of Mijas.

Cars can be as temperamental as donkeys and it was a car that threw Richard's best laid plans for the day into disarray.

Susan Mayfield and some others were due to meet us in Mijas but on the way their car blew up, setting the schedule back by over an hour. This meant the proposed lunch venue had to be cancelled and we ate in Mijas instead. Yet another delay was caused by Steve's car when it was discovered that the oil cap was missing. Perhaps we should have hired donkeys.

So it was mid afternoon by the time we reached the lakes near El Chorro. There the photo session went ahead as planned with the two bikini clad models. Katie and Jacky, striking the required poses.

'Get 'em off' I shouted from the rocks above. Not at Katie and Jacky but at the photographers whom I was more interested in. A couple obligingly did so although we were not in an

official naturist area.

But the earlier delay meant we had to get back to Costa Natura, a two hour trip away. Alas we had no time to stop and photograph the deep green citrus groves dotted with Persil white stone houses which we passed en route. Nor could we capture on film the superb sky set afire by the blood red sinking sun.

On Thursday we stopped at two naturist beaches. Las Dunas is a long sandy beach where everyone was stripped off and watched by the ever present Spanish lads who gather by any naturist beach to stare.

More attractive was the naturist cove at Benalmadena. We were able to park nearby and the beach, although used by other naturists, was clean and not crowded.

The afternoon was spent at a film studio. After a delicious lunch cooked by a French chef and his wife, the photographers went to take more pickies of Katie and Jacky on the sets.

Katie and Jacky were smashing, but taking pictures of naked women striking awkward and artificial poses is not my idea of naturism, so I left them to it and had a go with someone's video camera instead.

*(The photographic trip was organised by Hillbrow Holidays, 19/20 Craft Centre, Storridge Road, Westbury, Wilts BA13 4HU.*

*The author wishes it to be known that her relationship with donkeys is purely platonic!*



*Snapping the snappers.*



# JOIN OUR NUDIST HOLIDAY

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# REASONS TO BE CHEERFUL AND NAKED — PART THREE

Is it ever enough to simply enjoy something without having to justify it to yourself or others? Louise isn't sure whether she's a naturist but simply loves to be naked.



*Remember your first time?*





*Such a sweet pastime.*

**D**O you remember your first nude experience? It is said that you always remember the 'first time' — your first love, your first taste of sex, your first car, job or whatever — but despite being a relative newcomer to naturism I honestly couldn't remember when I first went nude or what prompted me to do so.

Maybe it's because I'm such

an enthusiastic participant now that my more recent recollections have all but obliterated my earlier nude memories.

Not that I mind of course, I'm happy to enjoy the present rather than the past but the question arose at my friend John's house the other day as we were poring over some old photo albums and I unearthed a set of snaps of him, taken in about 1980 whilst he and his

parents were on holiday at Cap d'Agde.

They were typical 'family with teenage children' pictures. Some showed John and his sister proudly posing by the pool or splashing in the surf, others where they were looking miserable at being made to endure some particularly dire hotel cabaret that the parents were wildly applauding and one where John was crying while his

mother bandaged his crimson foot after he had stepped on a broken bottle on the beach. Sobbing at sixteen. I made him pay for that!

I vaguely remember him showing them to me in exchange for a look at my summer holiday snaps when we were at school. Although I had certainly been nude outdoors a few times by then I didn't consider myself a naturist, or even really know





*I don't know if I'm a naturist . . .*



*. . . or a nudist . . .*



*But as long as I'm naked I don't care.*



what one was and apart from feeling quite privileged to be one of the few people he showed them to (and quietly thrilled to see him nude although I didn't let on) I didn't think it strange that his family sat around naked on holiday.

It certainly wasn't something *my* parents would ever do!

I wasn't outraged or affronted, my only thought at the time was that my pictures of juvenile high jinks with my friends in the Derbyshire Peak District featuring our white and clothed bodies literally seemed to pale by comparison.

I asked John how he had felt when he had first gone naked and he couldn't really remember either — mind you that was excusable, he *was* only about three at the time. He had naturally followed his parents' example, probably without any thought that there was any other way to sunbathe or swim.

As they frequently went nude around the house as well he made no distinction between the times and places when it was 'right' to do so. As far as he was concerned the decision to be nude was just one that some people took and others didn't and having met many other nudists over the years he was often surprised to hear them voice anxieties or reservations over how, what and why they did what they did.

As for myself, naturism was something I gradually drifted into. Having enjoyed the feeling of the sun and wind on my bare skin on quiet country walks I think I wanted to progress to being able to enjoy myself in the company of others who thought the way I did.

I'm still not sure whether I'd call myself a nudist even now and I'm convinced it doesn't matter.

How you label yourself depends on your own perceptions and attitudes. Nudists are only people who shed their clothes for a while. After all, sooner or later they'll put them back on again and they don't really change themselves in the process, do they?

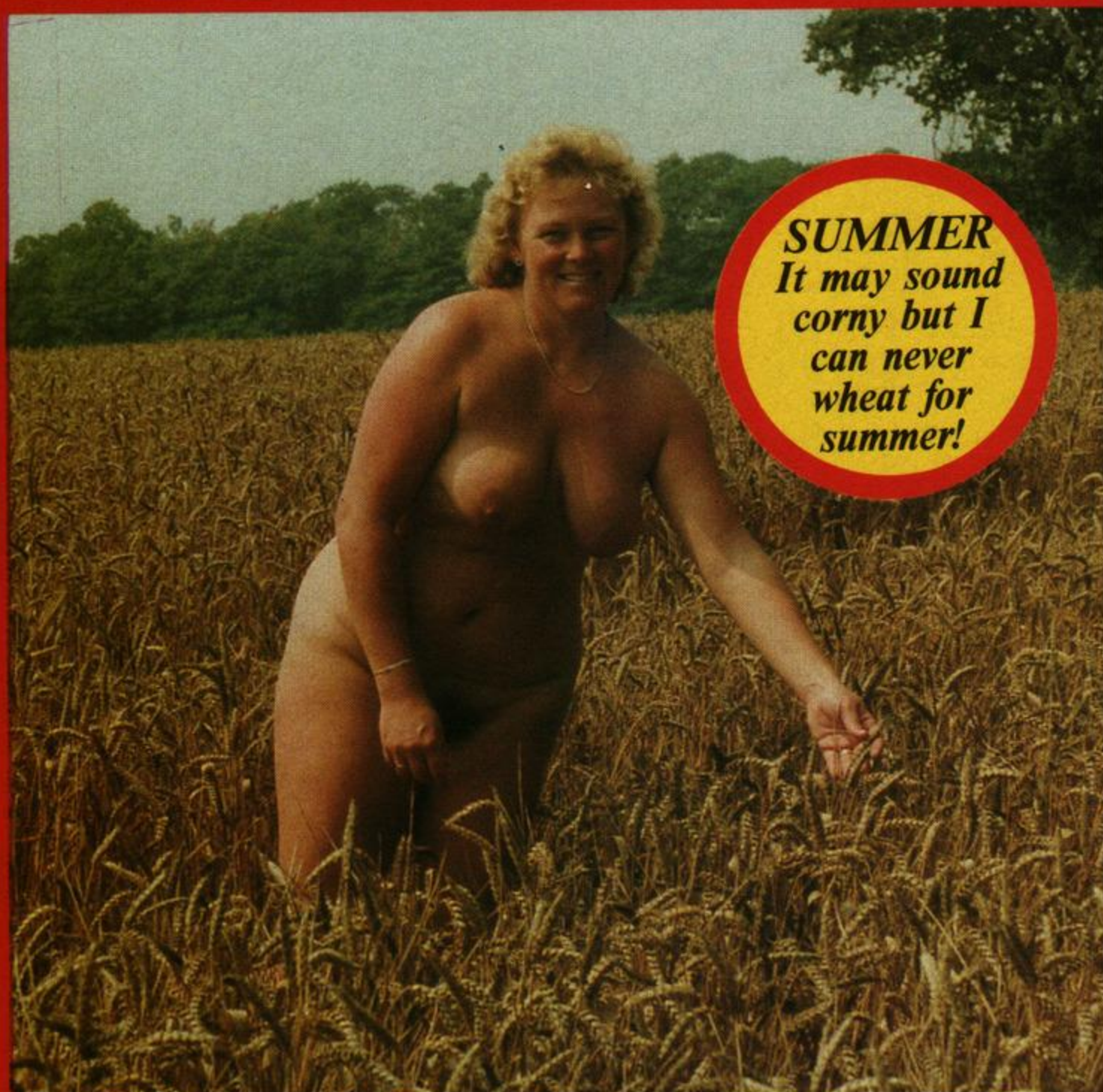


*You're welcome to see my Cap d'Agde pictures.*



# A WOMAN FOR ALL SEASONS

Babs, our 'woman for all seasons', finds time for naturism all year round. Not only that, but we'll let you in on a secret. The winter picture was taken in her back garden, but all the rest were just taken in the middle of the Essex countryside. You never know what may be going on under your very nose!



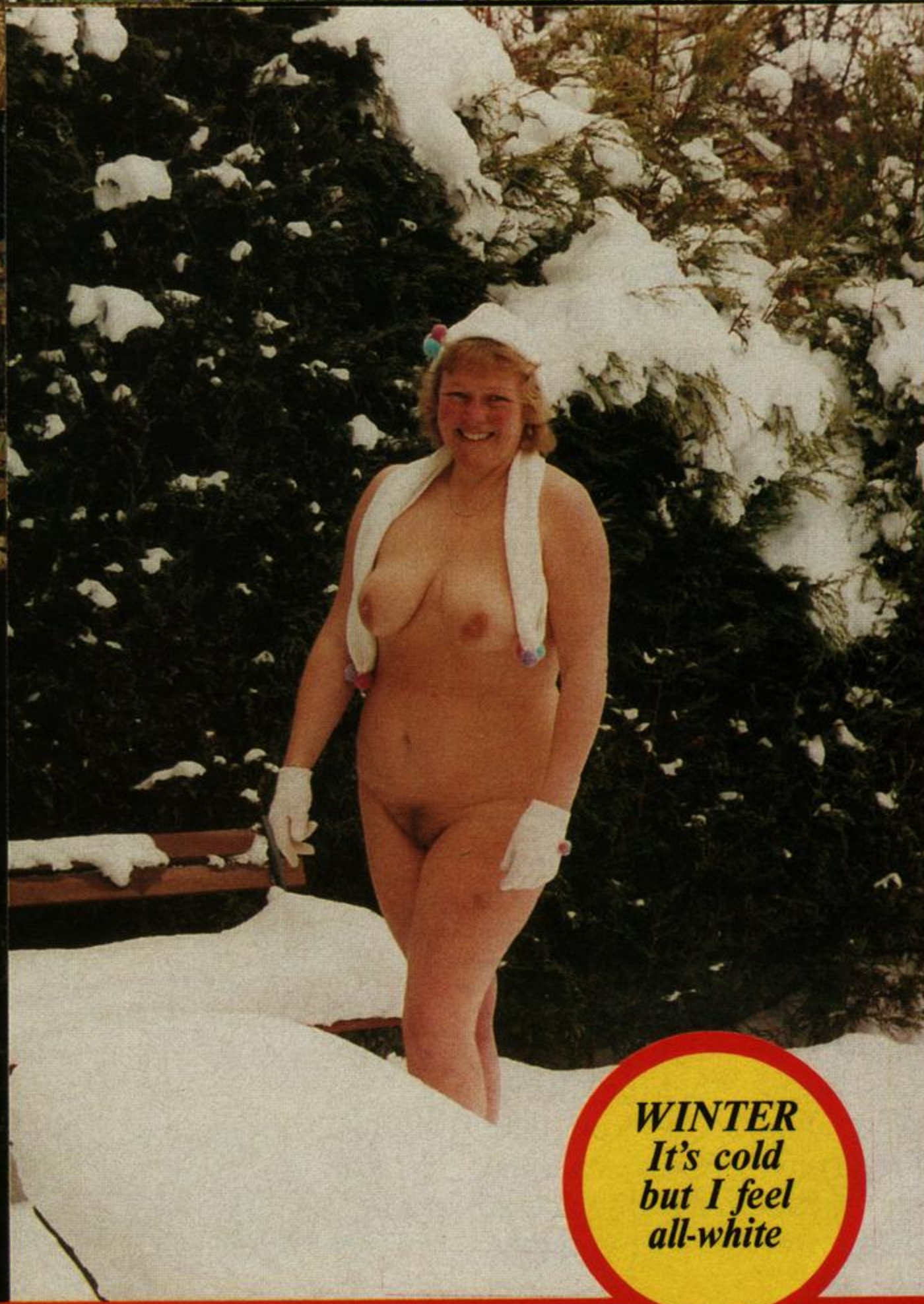
**SUMMER**  
*It may sound corny but I can never wheat for summer!*



**SPRING**  
*I promised I would go naked this spring!*



**AUTUMN**  
*The leaves are turning brown and so am I.*



**WINTER**  
*It's cold but I feel all-white*



# NO JOY RIDE

**T**HE scary thing about cars is the way everything becomes an accessory — the furry dice, the orange smelly, the booming Teutonic stereo. Even the driver's an accessory. Not to mention the wife in charge of the Opal Fruits and the poor kid trussed up in the baby-seat.

*Parents in Child Bondage Ritual* — now there's a headline to get the Sunday Sizzler readers going.

Yes, of course it's all for safety, the straps and the buckles and the belts. But when I see those vacant eyes staring out from the back seat it still gives me the creeps...

An honest slap is taboo these days, but it's okay to strap a child into a tin box full of fag smoke and take him for a 70 mph hair-raiser alongside ten-ton juggernauts. Even Houdini would've thought twice. Kiddette roulette, I call it. Trussed up in designer togs like fluffy pastel turkeys, the little blighters are lucky to get from A to B alive.

Back in the 60s we used to mock the kids whose mummies or daddies drove

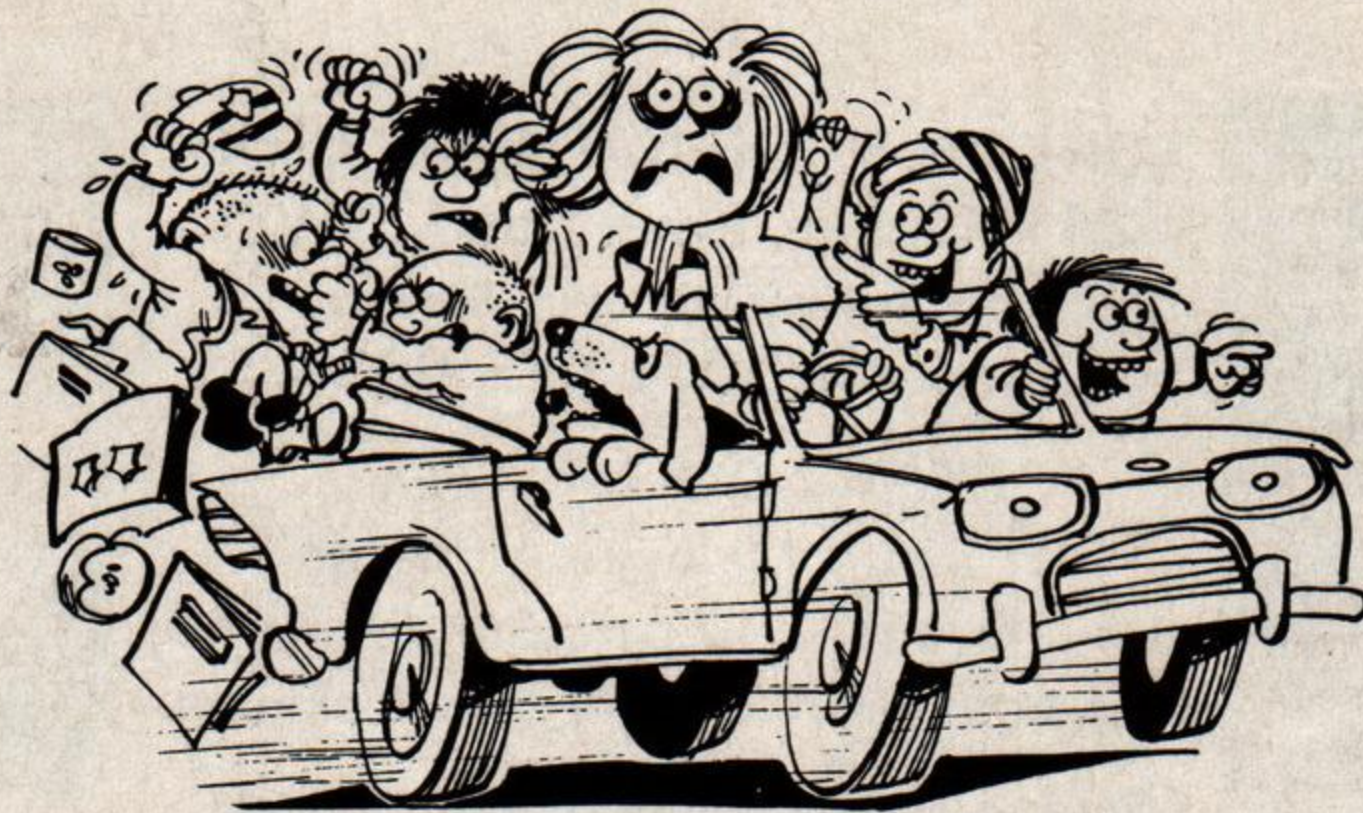
## Bondage

them to school in the family Maxi. Niminy-piminy milksops all of them! Times change. Now the cars have to queue up to get near.

But Mummy the chauffeur does her children no favours. Gone are vagabond adventurers like William Brown and Co. tramping for miles through the lanes and meadows — today's kids are puffed-out after a walk to the corner shop. Yet the sporting look is the in-thing — everywhere you go there's parents and children in trainers and tracksuits. You can't help laughing into your isotonic sports drink!

The dopey drivers really believe that a bowl of All-Bran and a ten-minute jog will save their souls... Scared stiff of heart attacks and strokes, they pay good money to play mad games like squash and, biggest con of all, aerobics. What a load of rubbish. Get out and take the kids around the block a few times, mate! Push-a-pram, that's the Nineties buzz. If I can persuade enough people, I'm onto a winner!

Today's parents spend zillions on books and toys, games and videos — but their children are deprived of so many commonplace joys. And parents, too, deprive



**Do you travel to the sun club in your car . . . go the shops in your car . . . go sightseeing in your car . . . ? Nicholas Whittaker points out we've got it all wrong.**

themselves so many special moments — quality time the Californian trendies call it, and for once I have to agree...

I've always enjoyed walking. And having children has doubled the pleasure. I push Oliver and Robin about forty miles a week — uphill and down. It keeps me fitter than any trendy regime. It's certainly good for our souls, if not for our soles.

God is in the conkers... There's time to stop, for Oliver to walk along the top of a wall, for Robin to kick boxes or pick blackberries. There's time to say hello to those old dears who always seem to have a sweet in their bags. There's time to simply stop and stare...

The child strapped in the car seat knows of none of this. His world is glimpsed through glass, another TV screen with unreal people leading cartoon lives. From the armchair to the car seat to the supermarket and back, these children travel in hyperspace, with hardly a

## Turkeys

hello to the real world. It's no wonder that they grow up baffled by the idea of community? Why else would we have those laughable cell-blocks known as community centres...

It took tens of thousands of years for the human language to evolve, from the Neolithic natter to Space Age chatback. But the motorist has put the clock back 100,000 years,

back to the grunt and the gesticulation. They honk at each other like grumpy sea-lions, they frown and grimace through the glass like monkeys at nit-picking time. Occasionally there's a glimmer of IQ, a multi-syllabic word, something like 'Smi-rideaway-yafakka!'

Now I know what the gibbons and lions in the safari park feel like. The motorist sees our streets in just the

## Cartoon life

same way — unsafe, unfamiliar, places to hurry through with a little thrill of fear, sorry for the poor pedestrians. Sometimes, enraged by one stare too many, I feel like jumping up on the bonnet, like a baboon. But I have to remind myself that I'm the human, not them, the strange race of heads on wheels...

We know well enough what damage the car and its fumes have done to the world. More insidious, and ultimately more dangerous, is what it has done to the fabric of society, to our mentality and our perceptions of normality.

We're misfits, pitied and patronised because we have no car. We must be poor, and pretty damned poor at that, for even the grubbiest family manages to find a few hundred for an old banger.

No modern marriage could be contemplated without a car as part of the deal.

It's essential for family life...

How can we nip into town for a pizza or get a Georgian-style door home from B & Q? How do we get back from Sainsbury's? How do we get the kids to school? How do we

## Old bangers

get to the seaside?

No-one can believe we're carless by choice. You must want a car! Everyone wants a car!

The car is a badge of status. The manager with his Carlton, the brickie with his XR3i — everyone can be instantly summed up. It's a turtle-waxed caste system. But not to have a car at all — that's a poser! Unable to label you, you end up in the only alternative category — the eccentric, buddy of the vegetarian, the rambler and the herbal medicine freak.

We just shrug it off and laugh at their narrow ideas of the world. But there are times when anger is more appropriate...

Motorists are the majority. The world is created and developed to keep them sweet. Roads are built, roads are repaired, roundabouts, gyratory systems and one-way nightmares instigated. But planners don't like pedestrians. Think of traffic lights: there's no official time for the pedestrian, he takes his chance between the changeovers. Why can't both sets of lights be at red for just ten or twenty seconds?

Why can't I take my children for a walk without them getting dust blown into their eyes from passing lorries? Why is the background noise so ceaseless and all-pervading that to hear them speak I have to stop and put my ear right down? Why should we live in fear of a juggernaut getting a few inches too close and wiping us out? Why should we give way to the motorist when we have been waiting five minutes to cross the road and he can get wherever he is going so much faster than us? Why are car exhausts at the level of tiny ones in pushchairs?

How will I explain to Oliver and Robin that otherwise sensible people will spend £10,000 on a registration plate when children are starving?

Rhetorical questions, all these, since no-one gives a toss.





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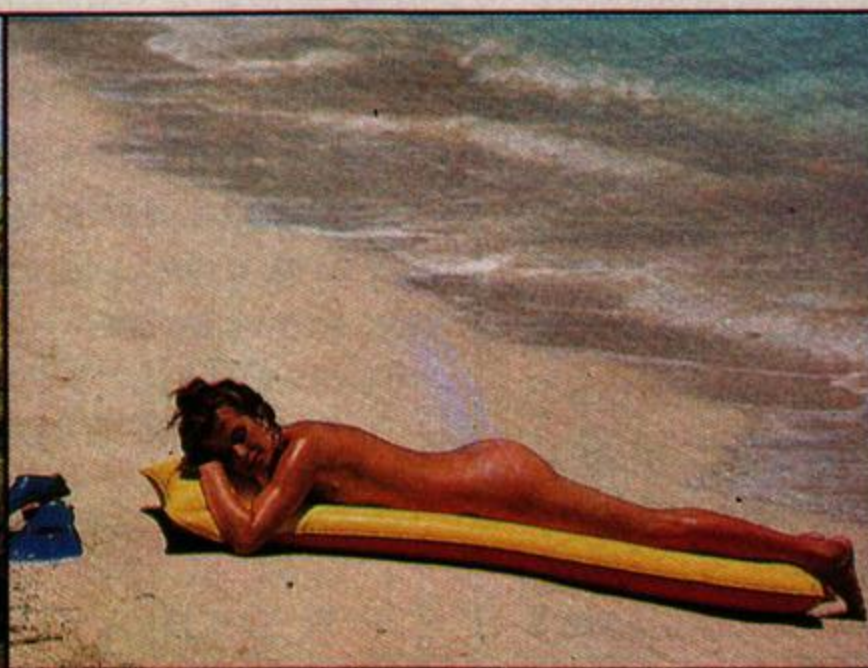


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# IS MY BODY MY OWN?

**'H**AVING recently started a college course, and having realised that my grant is not going to go very far, I have decided that I would like to try life modelling as a way of supplementing my income. Can you tell me what the going rate is for this kind of work, and what the exact legal status of a 'model release form' is, as I would like to have the final say with regard to the publication of photographs, etc.'

Life modelling is an excellent way of improving your income whilst you are a student, and many naturists enjoy being life models for local art societies and clubs as well as working for colleges of art and universities.

Before you decide that this is the ideal way to supplement your grant, do be sure that you can actually stay the course! Quite a few people find that sitting still for more than about a minute is just physically beyond them, or they discover that their bad back or hiatus hernia just won't take the strain of holding a complicated pose for very long.

If you do feel you can stay still for twenty minutes to half an hour without going out of your head with boredom, then the best place to start is to contact your local Education Authority and ask if they employ models for schools and colleges in your area.

That will give you your first contact, and also some idea of the going rates of pay. These vary considerably from area to area and so I really can't give you any idea what you could expect to be paid.

Other areas to try include the Adult Education Centres who will often need life models, as will local art clubs and societies, and it doesn't do any harm to write a nice letter to your local naturist clubs telling them that you are

available for photographic work.

Do make it clear from the start that you are an amateur who expects to get paid, as many hobby photographers like to pay their models in photographs rather than cash!

Model release forms are required by any photographer who intends to have his photographs published. If you



*A model for life.*

## HELP! *from our agony aunt*



Brooding over a problem? Weeping over a dilemma? Marianne can help you — but only if you write in! Write, enclosing an s.a.e., to: Marianne La Mauve, H & E, 28 Charles Square, Pitfield Street, London N1 6HT.

sign a model release form you are not able to change your mind about having your photographs published, so if at a later date you become Chancellor of the Exchequer you have no right to complain if pictures of you are published in the national press or anywhere else!

Also remember that you have *no* control over any painting or sculpture even if it clearly represents you. Artists and sculptors are not required to get a model release from you even if they intend to exhibit their works or to enter them in competitions.

You should always check the dates that are written on a model release form — some less than scrupulous photographers will date a model release for a period of a week or a month and only pay you for the first session that you do during that period.

Then they tell you that they have 'a small problem with cash flow' and will settle the whole amount at the end of the week/month. You go back to get your money and find your photographer has disappeared!

Apart from taking normal and sensible precautions to ensure you get paid, I can wholeheartedly recommend the idea of life modelling, you will meet loads of people, earn some money, can often choose your own hours of work and have the pleasure of seeing works of art created in front of you. What more could you ask from a job?



# I WANT TO CHOP IT OFF!

**'D**EAR Marianne, as a naturist I think the circumcised penis is much more attractive than the uncircumcised one. I know it is only vanity but is there any way I can be circumcised as a thirty-one year old adult? I have spoken to my doctor but he doesn't feel that there is 'due cause' for having it done on the National Health and I don't think I can afford to have it done privately.'

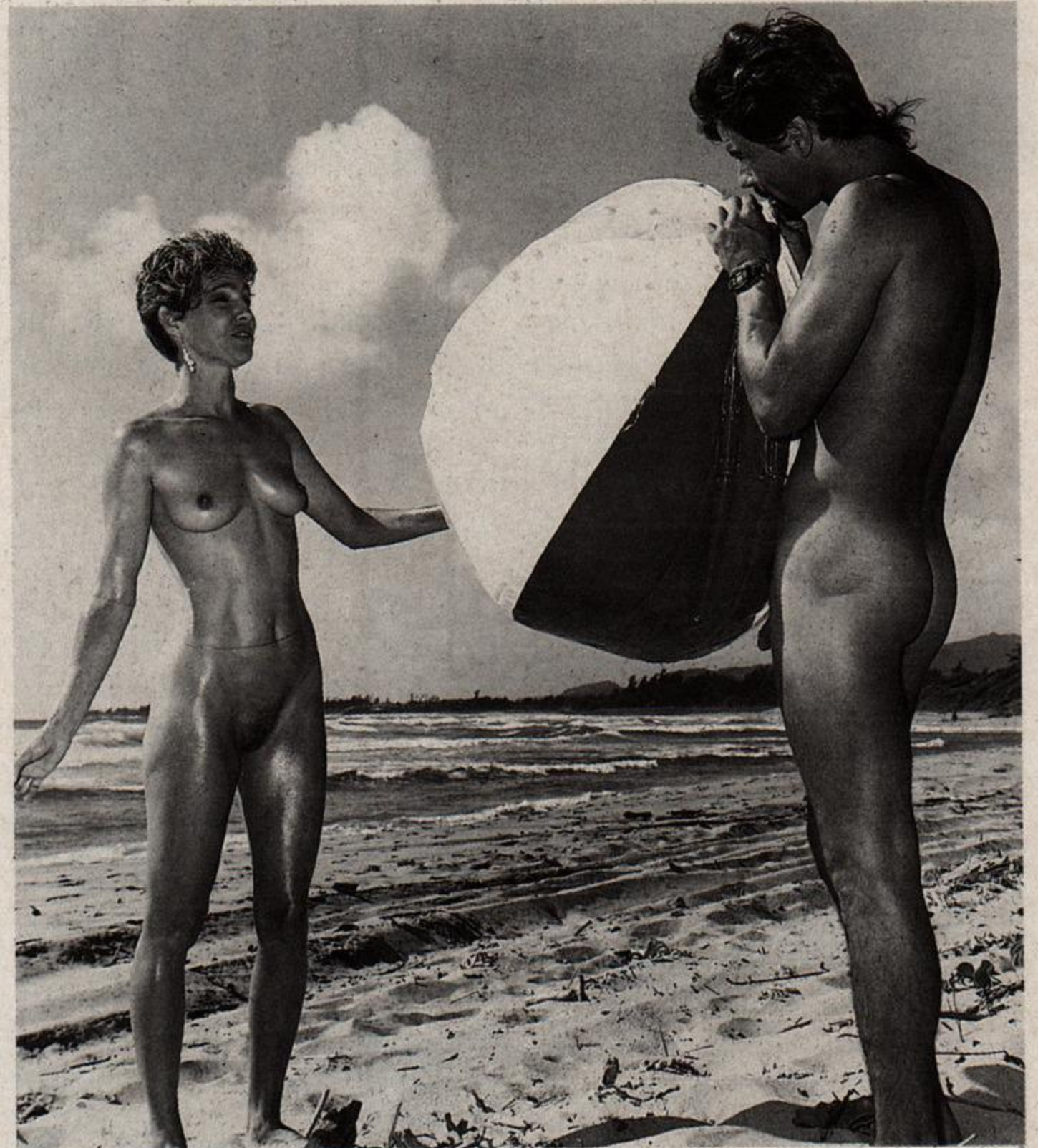
There are very good reasons for having a circumcision of a medical, religious or personal nature, but there seems to me to be little advantage in having a circumcision just because you think it looks better. Points that you should bear in mind before making any decision are that any operation carries a small degree of risk, that you will be removing some protection from an area of the body which is very sensitive and has got used to being protected for many years, and that if you change your mind you can't have

another foreskin grafted on!

On the other hand, if your desire to have a circumcision is prompted by medical or physiological difficulties you may have a case for an operation on the National Health.

Some men have abnormally tight foreskins which can cause problems when urinating or during sex and make it awkward to be as hygienic as they would wish.

In the area of sexual performance, it is true to say that a very small percentage of uncircumcised men develop such a phobia about the appearance of their foreskins that they cease to achieve erections. However, this is a rare condition and is usually found in conjunction with other problems such as low self-esteem or a sexual partner who has set up some kind of dominant behaviour which they reinforce by trying to cause their partner to have negative feelings about their appearance and abilities.



*I don't usually do beach ball pictures.*



*Stop worrying and start enjoying!*

The idea that all problems can be solved by having a circumcision is outmoded and has been proven to be false. The main cause of most urinary tract infections in men is not physical but mental, by which I mean that some men are too lazy to follow the basic rules of cleanliness — horrible but true!

Just to recap on what those basic rules are; the genital area should be washed every day, with the foreskin fully retracted. Wash creams or 'soapless' soaps will avoid the risk of any irritation or allergy in this most delicate of areas. Toilet paper is provided for both sexes, a quick 'dab at the end' is better than a half-hearted shake. Things that cause allergy, irritation and infection are scented soaps, talcum powders and colognes, too tight or synthetic underwear, lack of regular and thorough washing, forms of sexually transmitted disease that may not be noticeable in any other way. This includes such nasties as Non Specific Urethritis.

Private circumcisions are not too expensive compared to other surgical procedures. If you really are determined to go ahead you should find that your own GP will be able to tell you about private surgeons. They in turn can give you some idea of prices, duration of surgery, aftercare and so on.



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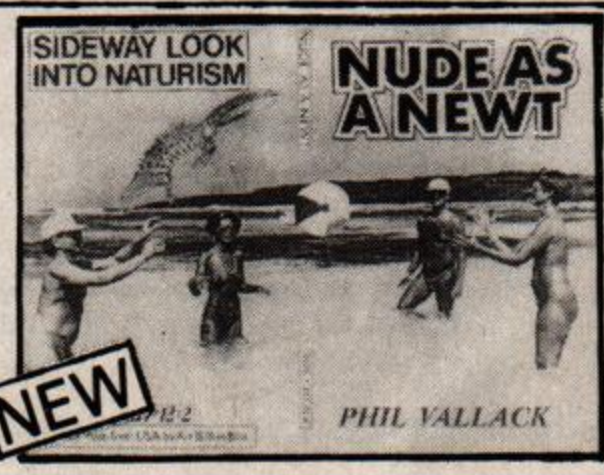
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# Woman Alone - By Choice

Irene Jones Hoppe chose to revisit Agde on her own after a stressful relationship. She travelled down with Emsdale Travel and soon found she need never be alone in a crowd.

I HAD just painfully broken with a very traumatic relationship. It had used up two years of my life, and licking my severe mental wounds, I was desperately in need of a holiday. Not just any holiday. A real, honest-to-goodness naturist holiday. I was hungry, not only for French food and wine, but for sun, sand, surf, good companionship and the halcyon atmosphere which can be enjoyed at the naturist resort of Cap d'Agde on the gorgeous Med.

My main problem was that I hadn't been on holiday alone for many years, so the thought of being alone among strangers — naked — was very intimidating. This was further complicated by the fact that not only was I not ready to enter into a new relationship, but I really wanted a hiatus from the mental manipulation that sexual involvement seems to lead to.

Take it from me, not all single naturist women are panting to fall into bed with the nearest available man: naked is not promiscuous. There is nothing wrong with me sexually; after all, the spectre of AIDS has put quite a damper on the sexually permissive society in general. I was just feeling emotionally vulnerable and not ready to share my body with a man for the time being.

I chose a late holiday when the rates were cheaper and the complex would not be so crowded. I booked through Emsdale, which offered two essential requirements. First, no hassle travel, all the way by coach and second, membership of the Sunlovers' International English speaking club on the resort. I knew most of the staff from previous trips (Hi! Irene, Sue and Aubury) and the way I looked at it, if I should get robbed or raped at least I would have someone to whom I could go.

My first worry was just who I would be sharing a seat with for the tedious eighteen hour journey. I needn't have worried; my close companion was a charming older man

---

*"If I was robbed, at least I'd have someone to go to"*

---

who allowed me to pick all the blackcurrant ones from his Fruit Pastilles, and responded with much mirth when I said, 'I think we should introduce ourselves. After all, we are going to spend the night together.'

My apartment was a four person one (a couch becomes a double bed and a separate nook has two bunks) on the ground floor. This made me very apprehensive. For safety, I had to lock myself in securely during the hot, stuffy nights with no ventilation.

I soon established a pattern. Up early for a cup of tea followed by a trip to the patisserie for a fresh, crusty baguette. A leisurely breakfast of fruit and croissant before I left for the beach. Some of my new friends soon developed the habit of stopping by for a breakfast coffee.

I always stopped at Sunlovers on my way to the beach, either to change a library book



*Naked and triumphant.*

or to put my name down for a sightseeing trip. My reasoning was that if something happened to me during the night, they would miss my visits and come looking for my mangled corpse! I was being paranoid, but one can never tell.

I made friends with many couples on the beach and by the pool — English, Swiss, French and German. There were also so-very-nice single men who took me out for wine and dancing in the evenings. I was very honest with them and told them right at the start my policy on holiday affairs — I didn't justify myself, it wasn't necessary — just explained.

On the nights when I didn't have a date, I would go for a contemplative sunset walk along the beach, followed by a 'cafe au lait' at a pavement cafe and listen to a group play plaintive French love songs, then home to read novels on my patio and drink wine coolers.

The advantages of being alone for my naturist holiday? I could do what I wanted, when I wanted — being totally selfish occasionally is emotionally healing. I made new friends and met interesting people. I made several trips that I had not been able to make on my previous visits to Cap d'Agde when I had a man to consider; shopping at Marsillion Plage, exploring the ancient walled city of Carcassonne, evenings in Agde and

Sete (with a beau who was really too fond of 'biere pression' and carafes of vin rose for his own good and my taste).

The disadvantages of a solo holiday? I felt vulnerable. Although I was happy naked sunbathing on the beach or at the pool, I always carried something to slip-on for shopping, only a pareo, G-string or a scarf around my hips.

One attractive wife was actually followed by a stranger back to her apartment, where she had a husband to see him off; I wouldn't have had that advantage.

I also had to be careful of what and how much I drank. I have a low tolerance to alcohol, and could not run the risk of getting drunk and having trouble finding my way home at night to lock myself safely in. I could

---

*"I told them right away my policy on holiday affairs"*

---

not make one admirer understand that he was not endearing himself to me by refilling my glass at every given opportunity.

I don't believe, however, that he was a naturist at heart, just a lonely man who thought that naturism means a sexual free-for-all and was puzzled by the whole scene. He referred to the beach as 'the meat market', and is probably now regaling his pals at the local pub with riveting stories of all his conquests and orgies. True naturists look after their own.

I don't regret going on a naturist holiday alone, I had a marvellous time. If I *had* wanted to bed a different man every night there would have been ample opportunity. In fact one nineteen year old boy made a very plausible pass at me, saying that he loved older women. I extracted myself from his octopus embrace and tactfully explained that although I wasn't adverse to younger men, ones that were younger than my own children were not to my taste. The double standard is alive and well! How would I have felt as a forty-something year old man if an attractive teenage girl showed she had 'the hots' for me?

What I'm saying is that I enjoyed a holiday my way and on my own terms. I believe I was the only unaccompanied British woman there. It may not have suited other single naturist women, but nothing is stopping you from having a great time on your own, you don't need to take a man along to enjoy yourself.

Would I go alone again? Yes, but I'm hoping not to have to. By next year, with any luck I'll be 'cured' and ready to form a new relationship with all the heartache and marvellous complexities inherent in any male/female love affair.

*(Ed's note: Or of course, Irene, you could join our H & E readers there in September — see page 11. Emsdale Travel can be contacted at 91-93 Cranbrook Road, Ilford, Essex IG1 4PG.*



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**1** a. Montalivet, France. b. Brighton, England. c. Baker Beach, San Francisco.



**2** a. St. Osyth's Beach, Essex. b. Hannover Official lake. c. St. Martin, West Indies.



**3** a. Nidezin, Poland. b. Vera Playa, Spain. c. Cap d'Agde, France.



**4** a. Baker Beach, San Francisco. b. Paradise Beach, Mykonos. c. Beau Valley, South Africa.



**5** a. Elysium Fields, USA. b. Cap d'Agde, France. c. Wreck Beach, Canada.



**6** a. Eureka Club, England. b. Lake Balaton, Hungary. c. Studland Bay, England.

### What you have to do:

The 6 pictures above are taken in different venues throughout the world. Underneath each picture are three possible names of the venues. We invite you to match up the correct caption to each picture. For example if you think caption **b** is the correct answer for pic **1**, write **b** next to pic **1** on the coupon. Then complete the coupon, attach it with an order for a film to be processed and send it to H&E Film Laboratories (Comp Entry), FREEPOST (GR1302), Stonehouse, Glos, GL10 1BR.

Name.....

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Pic. 1 .....Pic. 2.....

Pic. 3 .....Pic. 4.....

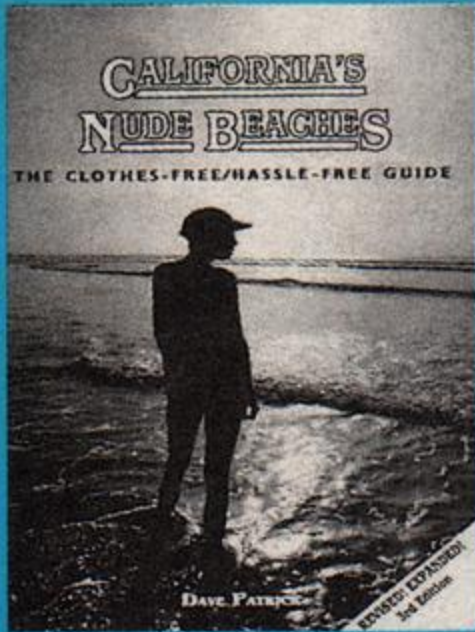
Pic. 5 .....Pic. 6.....

### Rules

The winner and runner-up prizes will be drawn from all entries which include the correct identification of all six pictures. Closing date is 31 September 1992. There is no cash alternative to any prize. All entrants must be over 18. Winners will be notified by post. This competition is in H&E Vol 93 Nos. 6, 7, 8, and Summer Quarterly No. 55. You can send as many coupons as you like but each must be accompanied by a coupon and a film for processing.



# WANT TO GO NUDE? HERE'S HOW!

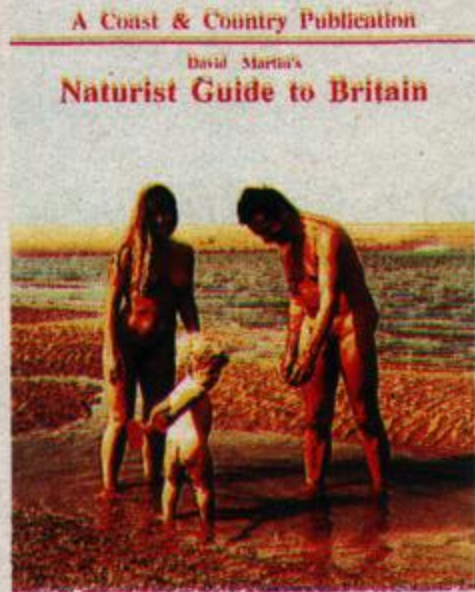


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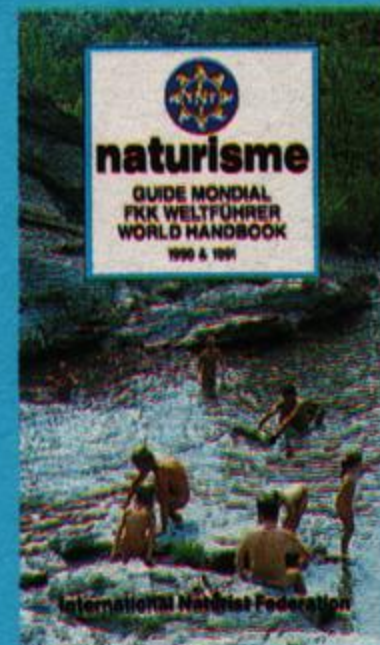
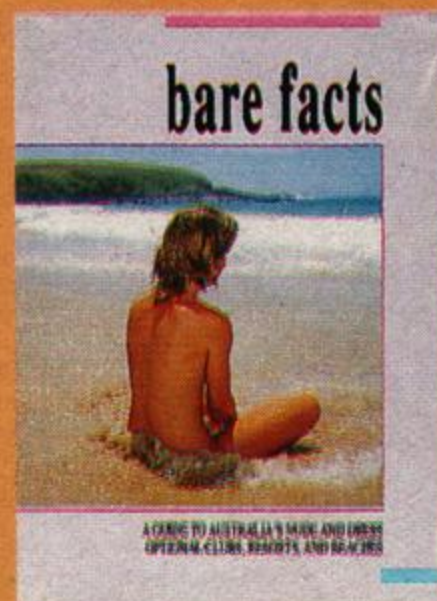
## Naturist Guide Book to Great Britain

David Martin's superb guide to naturism in Britain is always popular with our readers—and the H&E staff! It lists hundreds of places in the UK used by nudists— from inland clubs to free beaches and swimming sessions. The entries are easy to use, and have been fully updated for 1992. Only **£7.95 inc. p&p.** the same price as last year.



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## INF Guide 1992-93

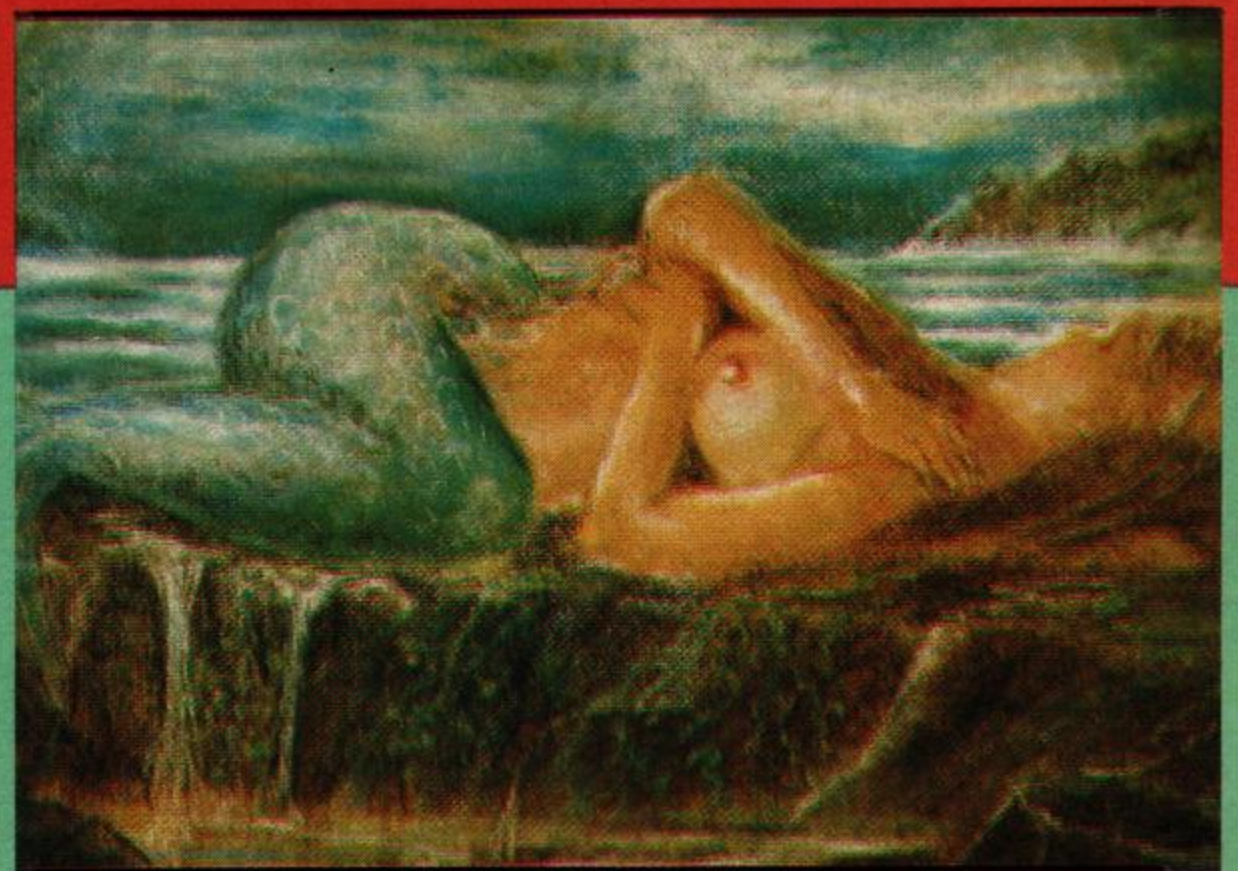
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# MIND YOUR P.Q!

## QUIZ

**1.** *How confident are you of getting to the end of this test:*

- 30 not very
- 91 completely
- 57 fairly
- 22 not sure.

**2.** *What made you turn to this test and decide to have a go at it:*

- 89 interest in its subject
- 78 curiosity
- 21 boredom
- 26 a definite need to kill time.

**3.** *Which do you enjoy most:*

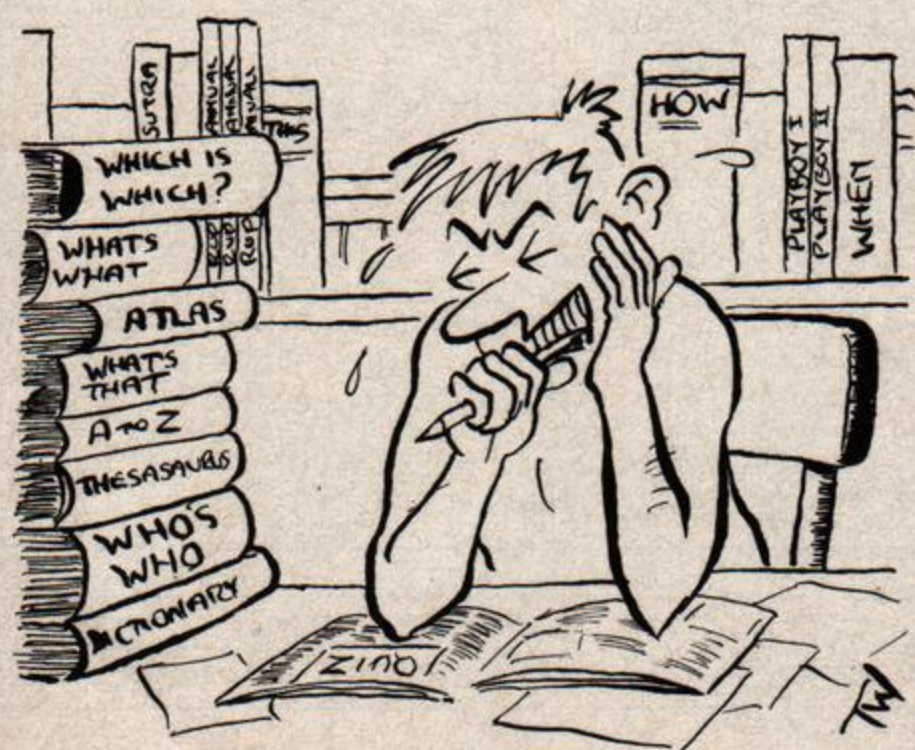
- 30 filling in questionnaire forms
- 44 doing popular quizzes
- 80 asking questions rather than answering them
- 71 undergoing serious tests such as this one.

**4.** *Do you consider change to be:*

- 78 good
- 62 best
- 23 unavoidable
- 35 not always beneficial.

**5.** *What usually happens when you start to learn something new:*

- 19 you give up in the end
- 82 you sail through fairly happily on the whole
- 74 you find it hard going but get there in the end
- 63 you expect difficulties that don't always arise.



**Never mind your intelligence quotient, what about your p.q.? Personality counts for an awful lot in this world, and opens up many doors. Even Sun Club doors!**  
**By Harland Maxwell**



**6.** *Are you determined to succeed in life:*

- 47 hope so
- 41 you'd like to think so
- 79 yes, of course
- 72 yes.

**7.** *How many new friends have you made in the past two years:*

- 20 none
- 63 only one
- 77 more than three
- 85 two or three.

**8.** *Which would you like your children to have most:*

- 75 happiness
- 52 integrity
- 49 love
- 68 health.

**9.** *If you had the choice, would you be:*

- 44 as you are now financially
- 37 very rich
- 61 just rich
- 70 comfortably off

**10.** *Looking back over your life so far, has your greatest happiness come from:*

- 55 material things that you did not buy
- 50 material things your money secured for you
- 79 people
- 41 animals.

**11.** *Are you satisfied with your life so far:*

- 80 on the whole, yes
- 17 not at all
- 39 partly
- 73 very much so.

**12.** *As a person are you:*

- 76 forward-looking
- 62 one who only lives for today
- 79 an optimist who tries to learn by past mistakes
- 39 backward-looking.

\* \* \*

**Tot up the numbers you have ringed, then divide by twelve.**

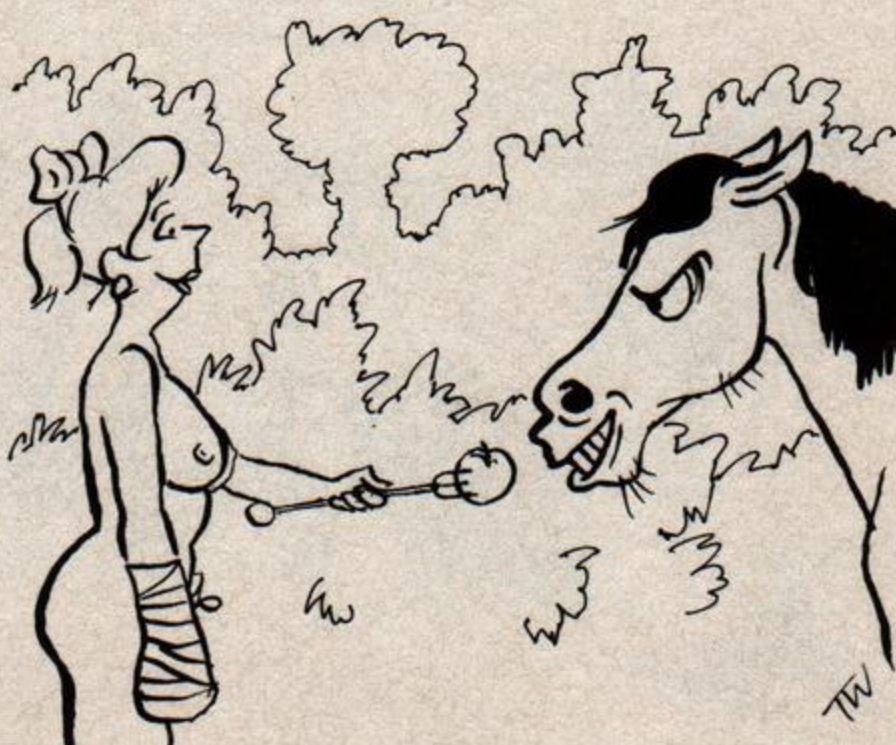
**Over 75:** This reveals an egotist whose vanity needs curbing!

**70-75:** This is the ideal category to be found in. It denotes, a calm, balanced personality, courageous, making the best of life, putting the best into it, getting the best out of it.

**60-70:** A good average P.Q.

**40 — 60:** Rather below average.

**Under 40:** Let's not dwell on your P.Q.!





TEXTILES, JANET & MIKE MURPHY HAVE FOUND THEMSELVES IN A CLOTHES-FREE WORLD CALLED...

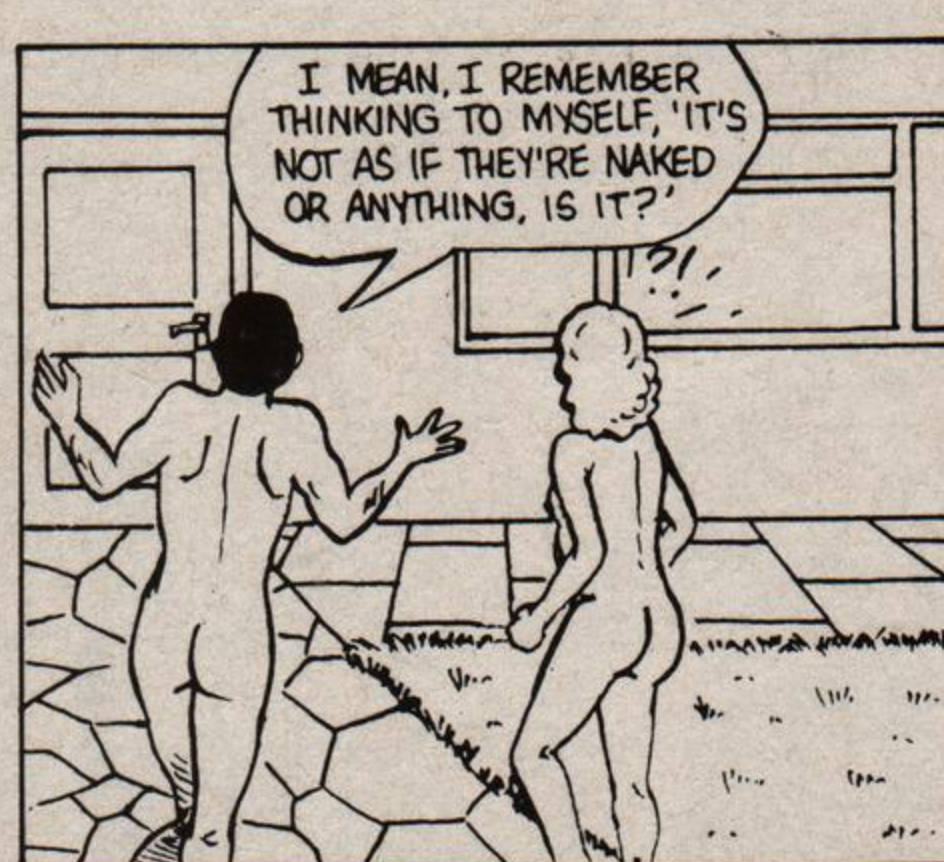
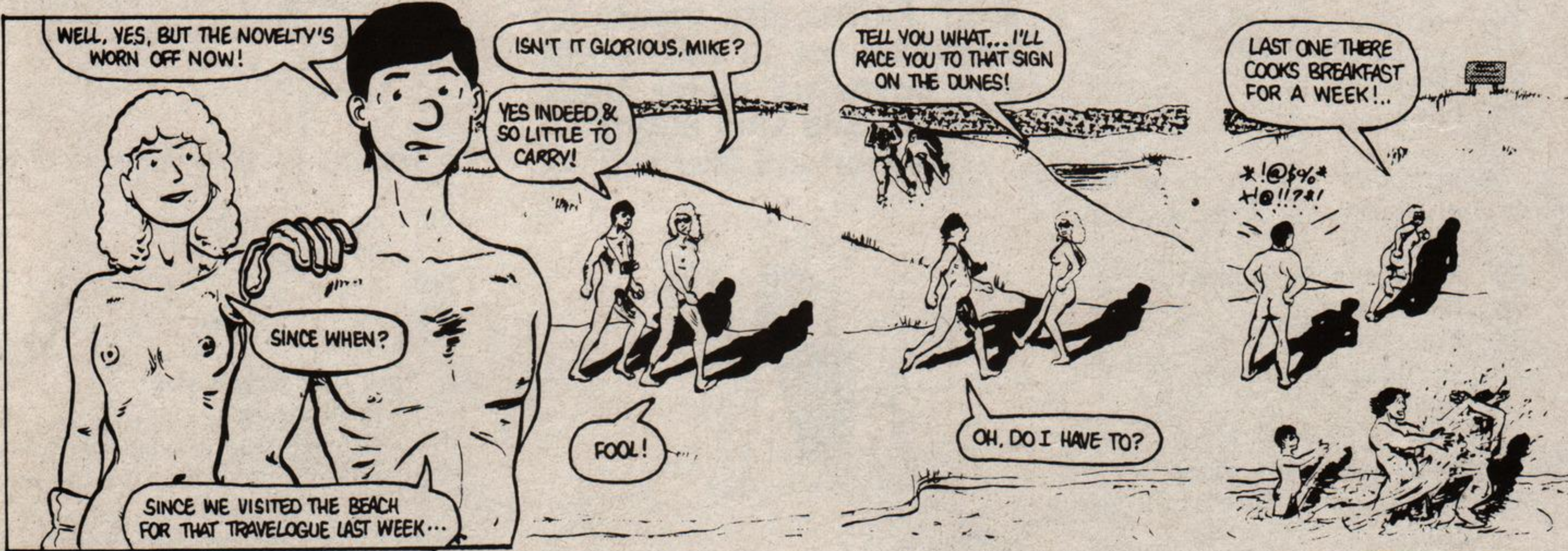
# THE NUDIST ZONE

MIKE IS NOT COPING WELL WITH THE PROSPECT OF BEING FOREVER NAKED...

ONE WEEKEND MORNING---



WELL, WELL, WELL! THE WORM HAS TURNED! DON'T I REMEMBER YOU BEING THE ONE WHO WAS EXCITED? WEREN'T YOU THE FIRST OUT THAT DOOR TO BARE YOUR MANHOOD TO THE WORLD?



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# What have some H & E readers got that *you* haven't?

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- the row between a French religious cult and its nudist neighbours?
  - the shock decision to close several British nude beaches?
  - recent changes in the nudist travel scene?
  - the small ad asking for help running a naturist holiday site in Spain?
- If the answer is no, then maybe you're missing something. All these - and much more - featured in last year's editions of Pleasure Post.

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# IT REALLY DOES BROADEN THE MIND!

Anne had always been fiercely patriotic and a staunch defender of everything English until an unexpected trip to Germany made her think again . . .



*Open your eyes on a naturist holiday.*

**T**O travel, anywhere, is a wonderful experience. I've never regretted going anywhere although I've been glad to get back on a few occasions.

Whenever I've been abroad I've felt proud to say I'm British — or rather *English*. We may have a somewhat tarnished reputation in some quarters and in other countries the locals seem to

derive much amusement from our little idiosyncrasies but nevertheless I'm happy to acknowledge the country of my birth.

And no, I don't swill lager by the gallon, wear Union Jack boxer shorts or even raise my little finger when I drink my tea.

A recent two week summer break in Germany forced me to re-appraise my attitudes towards my homeland and

other countries, however.

I always considered the Germans to be a super-efficient but humourless bunch who worked ceaselessly all day to keep their country great and then drove home in overpowered BMWs ready for a pleasant evening's relaxation comprising a few steins down at the *bierkeller* followed by an hour or so picking errant bits of *bratwurst* from their oversized moustaches. And

that was just the women.

I would not be convinced otherwise until I was offered the chance to see for myself, taking advantage of a friend's offer of a free ticket after she had to cancel.

My opinion now is that the Germans knock spots off the rest of us when it comes to running their country and enjoying themselves.

We were staying in Bad Homburg, near Frankfurt, and





**“I had expected them to be efficient but rather humourless”**

**“My opinions have now changed after a wonderful holiday”**











INTERNATIONAL  
**H&E**  
MONTHLY

**NATURIST  
CALENDAR**

**JULY 1992**

<b>1</b>	WED
<b>2</b>	THURS
<b>3</b>	FRIDAY
<b>4</b>	SAT
<b>5</b>	SUN
<b>6</b>	MON
<b>7</b>	TUES
<b>8</b>	WED
<b>9</b>	THURS
<b>10</b>	FRIDAY
<b>11</b>	SAT
<b>12</b>	SUN
<b>13</b>	MON
<b>14</b>	TUES
<b>15</b>	WED
<b>16</b>	THURS
<b>17</b>	FRIDAY
<b>18</b>	SAT
<b>19</b>	SUN
<b>20</b>	MON
<b>21</b>	TUES
<b>22</b>	WED
<b>23</b>	THURS
<b>24</b>	FRIDAY
<b>25</b>	SAT
<b>26</b>	SUN
<b>27</b>	MON
<b>28</b>	TUES
<b>29</b>	WED
<b>30</b>	THURS
<b>31</b>	FRIDAY



everywhere we went we saw clean, litter-free streets with little obvious vandalism and lots of friendly people.

Compare that to London. I'm sure things are different in the big cities but it was a refreshing change nonetheless.

Hans, our host, took us out for a drive one morning and I remember spotting a cigarette vending machine at a bus stop on a deserted stretch of road and asking why it hadn't been smashed up and emptied, as it would in Britain.

He seemed surprised that anyone would contemplate such an act when the cigarettes were so cheap (about half the English price) and the felony carried such severe penalties if caught.

Worse still, in German eyes you'd be looked upon as some sort of mental retard for perpetrating such an act.

Similarly, their traffic laws and punishment of offences made our own convoluted system look eccentric.

One thing you *don't* do though is mess with the German autobahn police who make the SAS look like a



*We had a ball in Germany.*



*It gave us a new outlook.*

bunch of toy soldiers. We were flagged down for driving too slowly in the centre lane (I was driving!) — I had forgotten that the 110mph I thought we were doing was only 110kph — about 70mph and the UK legal limit! We were apparently a hazard to the turbo-charged Porsches whizzing past in the fast lane at over twice our speed. These unrestricted routes take some getting used to!

We were ordered out of the car at gunpoint, spread over the bonnet and roughly searched. We had only complied with the order at the third time of asking due to our panic and poor German and when we recounted the tale to Hans that evening he said we had been lucky not to have been shot!

Still, we survived the ordeal and were let off with a stern warning.

This apart, our fortnight was spent in great company surrounded by wonderful scenery. We even managed a little swimming, as you can see, although the weather was uncharacteristically dull during our stay.

Thank you, Germany, I promise I'll be more tolerant in future!





*Let's come back next year!*





*Dreaming of somewhere exotic.*



# A Tale to make you DAYDREAM

**B**EING a naturist is one thing — being a life model is something else entirely! Carolyn had thought that taking her clothes off and sitting still for a couple of hours would be an easy way of earning money. Unfortunately it hadn't turned out that way.

To start with, she wasn't very good at staying still, and the positions they wanted her to hold would have tested the suppleness of an acrobat. Then again, there was no-one else in the class under sixty years of age and although they were all very nice to her she didn't feel she had much in common with them.

The class was held between two and four-thirty on a Friday afternoon in the village hall. It was hardly an ideal location as the passing lorries shook the whole building until the windows rattled and the floorboards bounced. And of course they had to draw all the curtains and work by artificial light in case any passer-by should decide to try and peer in. Carolyn hated the dusty, musty atmosphere, the dim yellow glow of the lights and she was thoroughly bored with staring at the faded banners that the Salvation Army stored at the back of the hall between their Sunday parades. Of course the money was good, and if she'd had something interesting to look at or listen to, she was sure she would have been able to sit without moving a muscle for hours.

## Dusty, dim and boring

Once she took along her cassette player and some lively music but the class had complained that it was too distracting. She had to admit that perhaps the Rolling Stones weren't to everybody's taste!

On the other hand, she loved to see the drawings they had produced by the end of the session. The twenty or so aspiring artists were of wildly varying ability. There was Ron, who could scarcely produce more than a stick figure after two hours slaving over a hot sketchpad. By contrast Colin turned out sketch after sketch, his hand flying over the paper at amazing speed. Carolyn wished that she really looked



*But I'm not in the picture!*

like the slim, elegant young woman whose image emerged from Colin's easel. Although it was recognisably her, he somehow transmuted her plumpness to enticing curves, her unruly frizzled hair to elegant ringlets and her fat little hands into something a manicurist would have been proud of.

It was Colin who had shown her how she could look if she really tried — and his sketches had inspired her to go on a diet and have a good haircut. To her great surprise and pleasure, she was already starting to look more like the ideal woman that he drew, and it was doing wonders for her self-confidence.

Nevertheless there was no getting away from the fact that the class was boring, and it was getting more and more difficult for her to motivate herself to go along each week.

It was all a far cry from nudity as she understood it. She relished being naked in the fresh air, feeling the breeze

moving across her body, or the delicious shock of plunging into a swimming pool and feeling the tingling response of her nerve ends to the cold water. She adored playing mini-ten or volleyball with the kids at the club, or just sitting and chatting with her friends whilst soaking up some rare English sunshine.

Getting a numb behind and pins and needles in her legs from sitting on an uncomfortable horse-hair sofa didn't bear any resemblance to the joys of naturism as she understood them.

Calling it a life class was a joke — there was more life in an undertaker's window!

She never quite understood whether it was boredom, or simple devilment that suddenly prompted her to suggest an outdoor life class.

It was a hot afternoon and the hall was dustier, dimmer and more boring than ever before. The class muttered quietly to themselves and she could hear the scratching of charcoal on paper and the frantic sharpening of pencils.

She was stretched out on her back, with nothing to look at but the ceiling, and she was suddenly reminded of a stuffed trout that was displayed in the local fishing-tackle shop's window. She realised that she and the trout had a lot in common, they were both immobile and glassy-eyed and they were both carefully arranged to maximum advantage on a piece of blue cloth!

The idea struck her as hilarious and she started to giggle. Of course this destroyed the pose she was supposed to be holding and she had to sit up to avoid getting hiccups. Once she had recovered from her laughing fit she had to explain to the class what it was that she had found so amusing. She could hardly tell them that she had been comparing herself to a stuffed trout, so she said the first thing that came into her head.

## A Stuffed Trout

'I was just wondering if it wouldn't be fun to have a life class in the open air for a change?' she said. And that gave her a mental image of the class gathered round her in the car-park with their easels and camp-stools and all the HGV drivers veering all over the road as they realised what was going on! So, she got the giggles again, and as it was nearly four-thirty and there was no point in setting up another pose, the class broke up a little early, but in good humour.

On her way home she just couldn't stop laughing each time she thought of a different location to take the class to: by the fountain outside the Town Hall, on the green by the police station, or in Marks and Spencers' food hall! Perhaps one day she would really be able to take the class to some secluded area and show them how nudity should really be depicted.

In the meantime she had found a way of fighting the boredom of Friday afternoons. All she had to do was imagine herself in some exotic location and spend a couple of hours daydreaming about sun, sand and surf. The best way to put some life into her life class was bring it with her!

by  
**LEIGH  
CLARKE**



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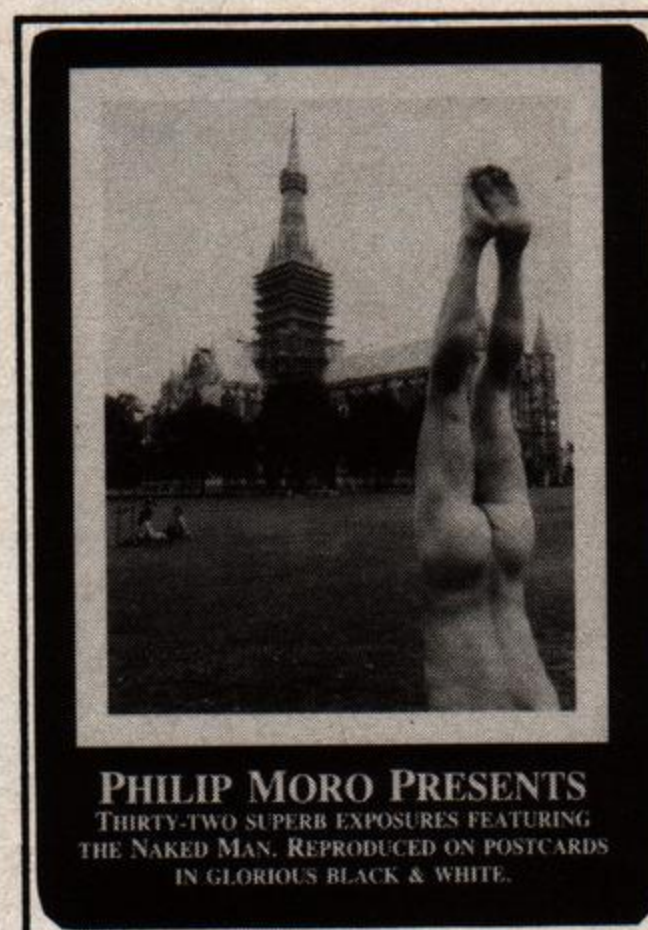
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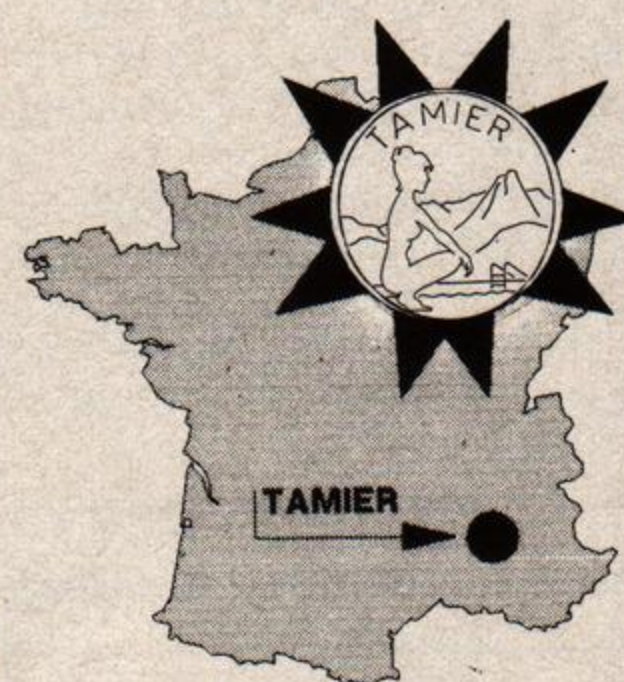
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(4, 5, 6)



# Massage? I Love It!

**T**HIS month, I have an interesting and new experience to share with you all. Say 'massage' in some quarters, and you are likely to encounter a few raised eyebrows — those sort of associations, of course, have no place in a magazine like this.

Mention 'dry brush massage' and more than a few of the folks down at the club may be conjuring up visions of whips and black leather-clad ladies.

Though this image could not be further from the truth, dry brush massage has simply got to be one of the most sensual (and I use the word advisedly) therapies around — if you're a tactile animal, then you are in for some real fun!

But first, the theory: up to a third of all the impurities and toxins produced as a result of metabolic processes may be eliminated from the body via the skin.

Although the primary function of our sweat glands is cooling, thus regulating body temperature, the sweat produced is a solution containing a number of unwanted chemicals.

Considering the huge numbers of these glands which line the surface of our skin, their enormous potential for also removing unrequired or even poisonous substances can be easily understood.

Under ideal circumstances, the body does a very good job of self-cleansing quite unconsciously, as a part of a whole host of biological mechanisms specifically designed to keep us running at the optimum.

Though the skin is by no means the only organ responsible for eliminating potentially harmful substances, it is one of the most often forgotten, and ignored. In those parts of the world where nudity is the cultural *norm*, the skin admirably performs the function for which evolution shaped it.

However, in more 'civilised' temperate lands, the wearing of restrictive clothing (particularly when of man-made fibre) next to the skin causes the skin itself to become inactive, as its pores clog up with large numbers of dead cells. Great news for those of you who have just been waiting for a good, scientific justification for naturism — but you do have to feel sorry for those poor, clogged up textiles, now don't you?

Advocates of the dry brush

method further point to the likelihood of resulting increases in both the toxin levels in the tissues as well as in kidney and liver work-load.

Recent work has also suggested that not only can healthy skin directly absorb more of the body's required chemicals than was previously thought, but also that good cellular regeneration may be the key to avoiding premature ageing.

OK, so now you're sold on the idea, how do you go about it? Herein lies another great advantage; unlike so many other health regimes, dry brush massage

doesn't require a small fortune to be spent on equipment. All you need to get started is a suitable brush. The ideal type is made of real bristle, although the low cost and ready availability of synthetic materials have made such hard to come by.

However, a plant-fibre brush, loofah or coarse natural sponge will prove more than adequate substitutes. The emphasis throughout is on the 'natural' — which should have instant appeal to naturists. Plastic-fibre brushes should on no account be used, as they are too sharp and hard and will damage the skin, possibly cutting it..



*It feels good, looks good, and does you good.*

## Life's Controversial! by our Resident Row Raiser GARETH EVANS

dead skin cells, which will be visible as a fine dust on the body.

The ideal finish to a session is reported to be alternate hot and cold showers, but those of less spartan endurance can opt for a hot one alone, or simply rub themselves down with a wet towel, if preferred.

There are a few caveats, of course. Firstly, and for obvious reasons, you shouldn't share your brush around. Let your stingy friends buy their own! Secondly, the bristles will need a good cleaning in soap and water at least every ten-fourteen days to remove the impurities and general gunk that collects. Just think, all that was once clogging you up.

Thirdly, if an area of skin is infected, irritated or broken, it should be avoided until such time as it has healed. If it seems reluctant to do so, then a visit to your GP is a good idea, just to be on the safe side.

With a medical 'all-clear', you can look forward to an enjoyable health regime, which should

help revitalise your skin, improve the circulation, aid muscle tone and improve the dispersal of fat deposits.

Sounds too good to be true — and too easy? Try it, you could be amazed.

After all, you'll only be rediscovering what our ape ancestors knew four million years ago, and what horse enthusiasts have known for centuries; grooming is good for you!

Suitably armed, the method is to brush vigorously in a rotary fashion, beginning at the soles of the feet and progressing up the legs, buttocks, back and arms before starting on the front, once again in a toe to head direction. Facial skin may be too delicate for this treatment, but the scalp may be brushed — good for the hair and helpful in removing any dandruff.

The brush should be used as firmly as you can stand without discomfort, and obviously the degree of pressure will vary with the different sensitivities of different parts of the body, and between individuals.

After five to ten minutes the skin will be visibly reddened and feel warmer. You can stop now if you like, or, provided you aren't grazed or starting to feel sore, carry on for longer periods. Though you can brush yourself and gain all the therapeutic benefits, there is little doubt that taking turns with your partner makes the whole even more enjoyable. Particularly since immediately before retiring to bed and first thing in the morning are reputed to be the best times for this massage (enough said?).

Properly done, the treatment should loosen a large number of

**One of the  
most sensual  
therapies  
around —  
you're in for  
some real fun**

**Brush  
vigorously in  
a rotary  
fashion from  
the soles  
upwards**



# A NUDE TRAIN RIDE WITH A DIFFERENCE

**Robbert Broekstra's naked  
'Friends of Nature' photoclub  
found that taking the train  
was quite a strain.**

**L**AST year the 'Friends of Nature' photoclub took some photos at one of the stations located along the Apeldoorn-Dieren museum steam line near the town of Beekbergen.

It was such a success that we made plans to return the following year to possibly have a nude steam ride. Permission was given for us to make a short trip into the forest where we could take as many photos as we wished during one hour and fifteen minutes, so it all seemed organised.

However two days before the planned trip a telephone call came in from one of the committee members of the steam society suggesting we call it off as 'some of the committee members were not in favour of it,' he said. I told him it was impossible to cancel all the arrangements at that late hour. An alternative was planned by stopping along the route at several locations for the photoclub to take some photos, but from telephone conversations it was not very clear that the steam society would even let us do that.

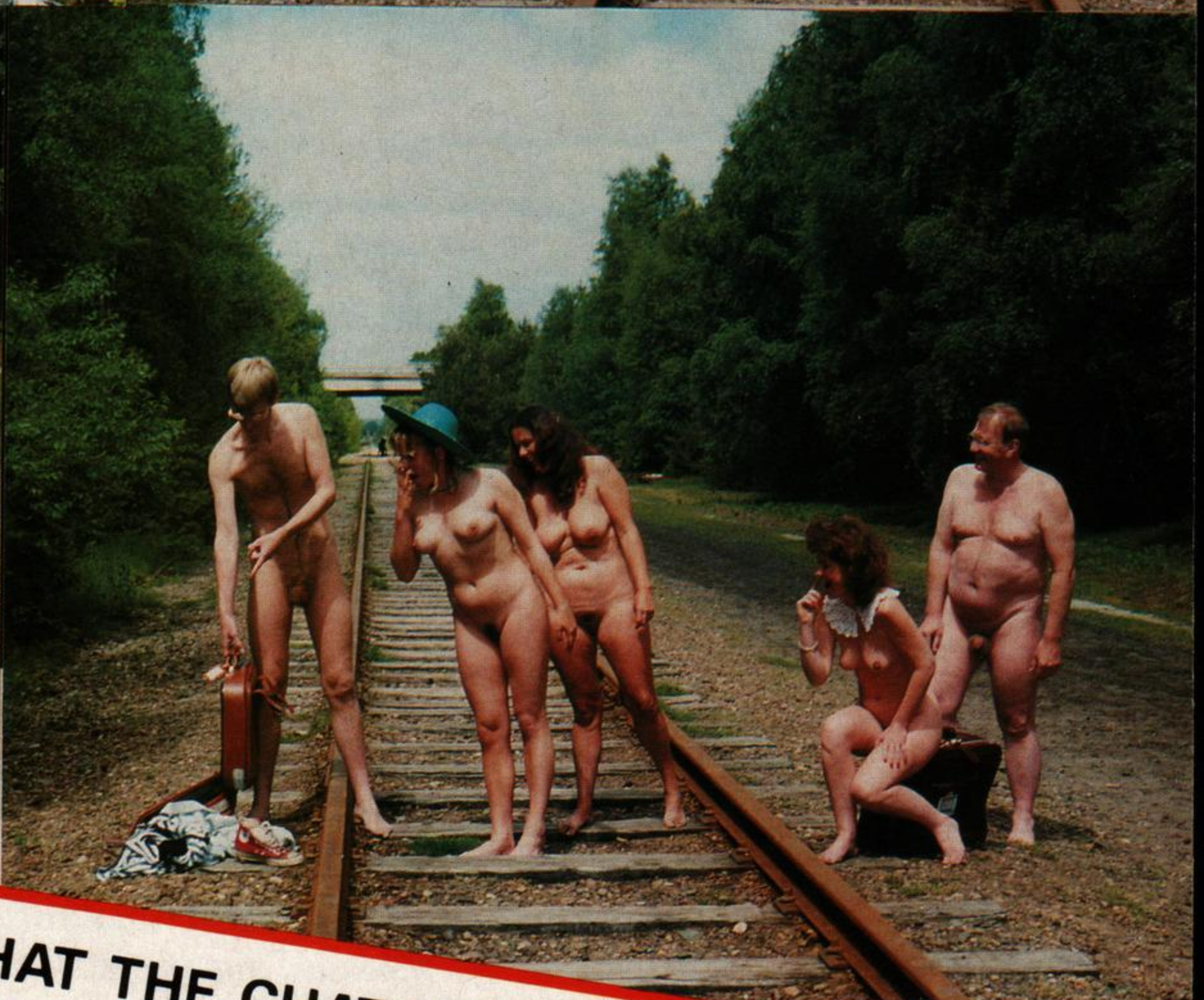
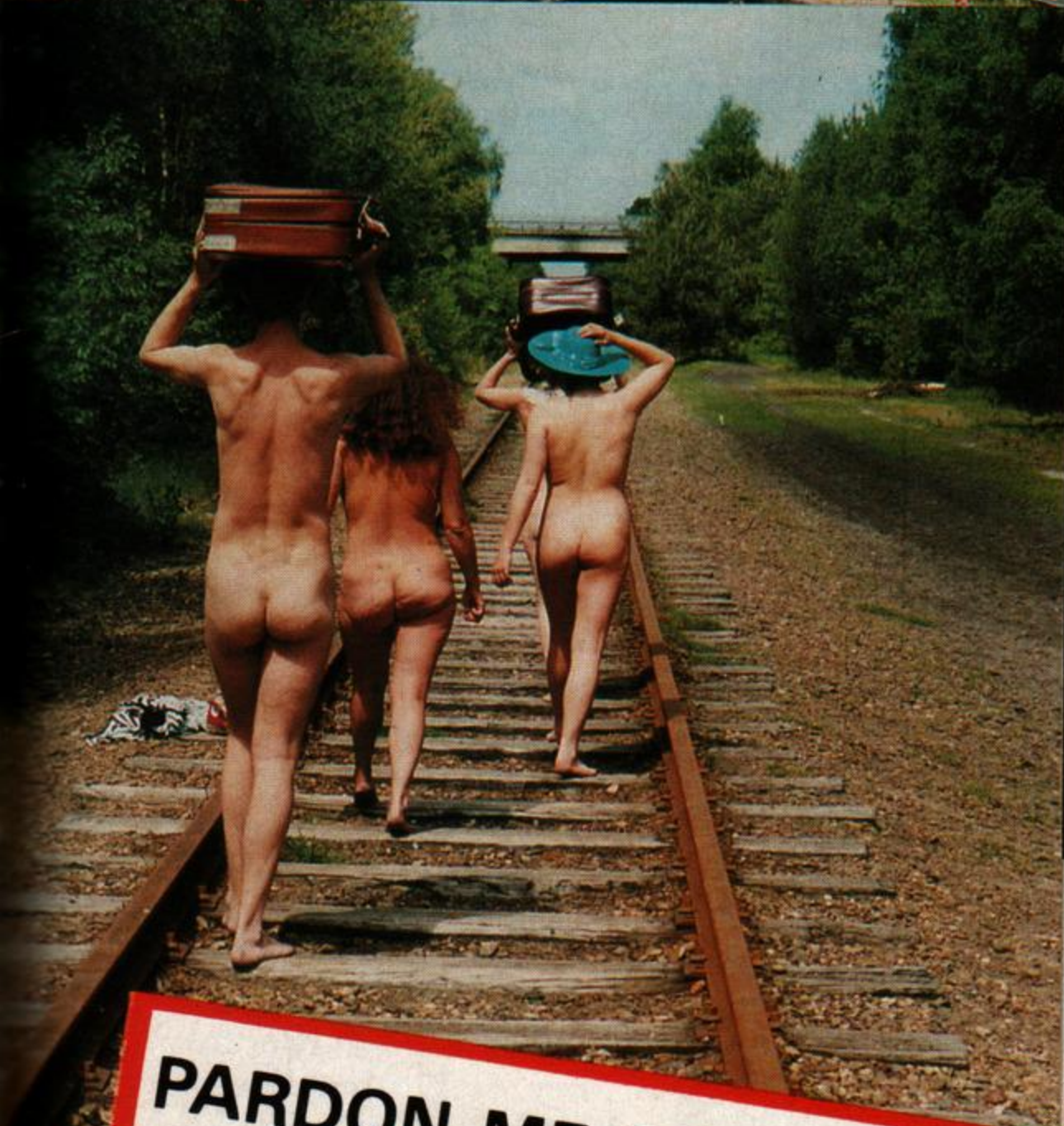
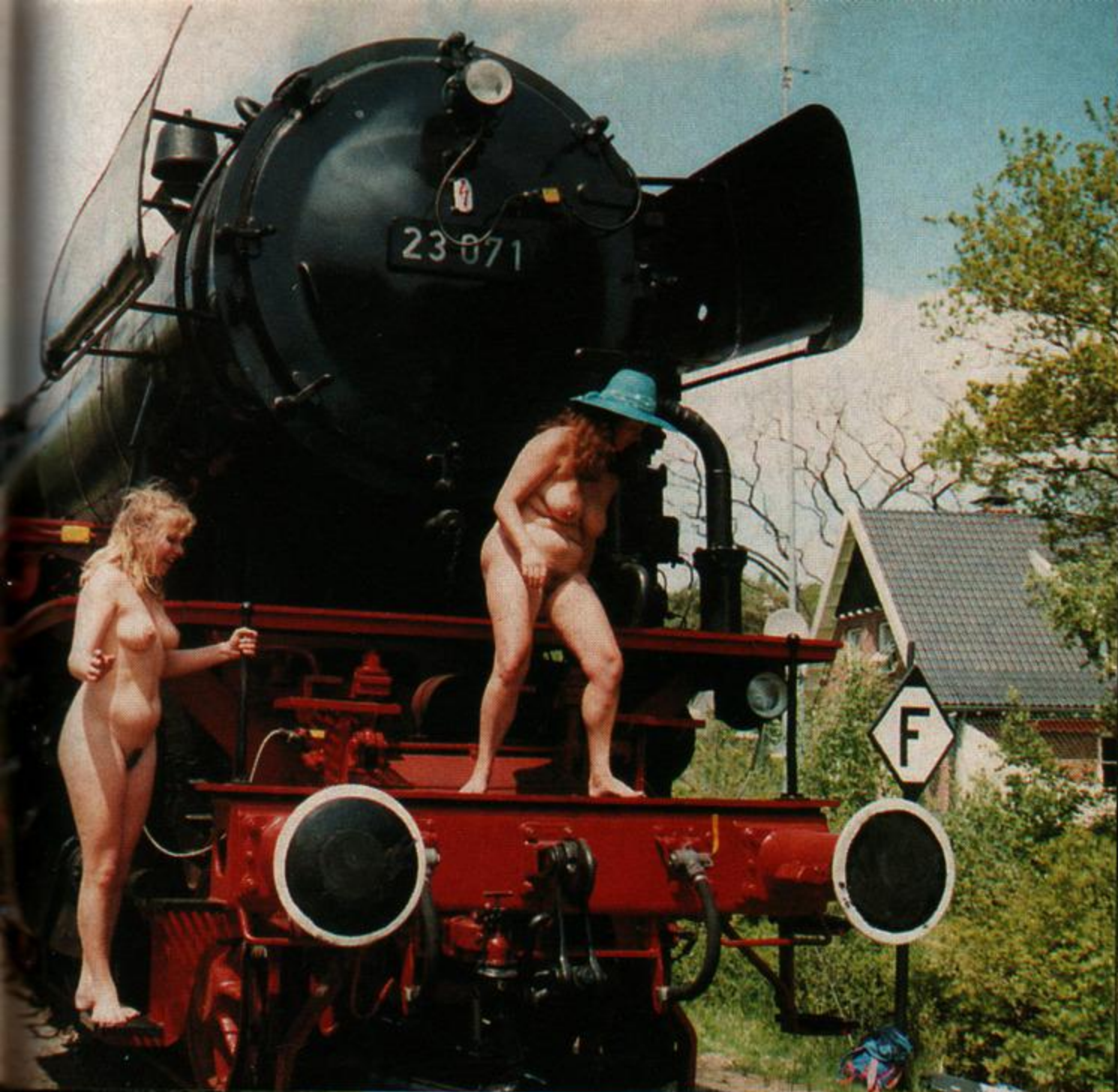
However, the day arrived and the train left the station at Beekbergen. About twelve naturists, models and photographers stood on the track with suitcases to welcome the train. After a while smoke in the distance was visible, it came closer and closer, rumbling, steaming and whistling. Just when the naturists went off the track the engine driver pulled the emergency brake and the train stopped. The passengers all opened their windows to see what was going on and could not believe their eyes. There were naturists in the forest and along the railroad. The engine driver was mad and started up again leaving the naturists alone in the forest!

The photoclub moved quickly to a place where the locomotive would change tracks, this information was all given to us from one of the committee members of the steam society. But also here again promises were made but no time was really given to the naturists to take photos with the steam engine, so the models climbed on the locomotive which made the engine driver furious. In the end we finished our session in the forest.

The following day the front page of the Nieuwe Apeldoornse Courant reported: 'Steam society leaves stark naked naturists along the track in the cold!' Still, we'll keep trying!







PARDON ME BOY — IS THAT THE CHATANOOGA CHOO-CHOO?





**'Plain women  
know more  
about men  
than beautiful  
ones do'**  
KATHARINE HEPBURN  
— Film Star

# The Naked Truth from **VANESSA**

**Vanessa Goodman reckons  
women know a thing or two!**

**O**N the assumption that beautiful women find it much easier to attract men than plain ones then it follows they don't have to work so hard to 'understand' them, whatever that means. We are used to the old raspberry that men don't understand women, but we women all know for certain that we have understood men since they were created!

I'm sure Eve took one look at Adam and said 'Now I know God's a man — a woman would never make anything so transparent.' Men think they can keep themselves separate and that women don't really know what they are thinking!

How often do you hear 'My wife doesn't understand me'? The joke is that we understand them a bit too well for their liking, but of course, no man would admit to that.

Having established the fact that women do 'know about men', let's explore the statement that plain women know more than beautiful ones. Katharine Hepburn herself was not particularly

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***"A pretty girl just has to be in the right place at the right time"***

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plain so I don't know exactly what provoked the above statement, but I'm sure she was in a position to know what she was saying. Film stars in her era were worshipped, adored, fêted, drooled over by men of all ages and types enough to make them sick to death of the whole business.

On the other hand, they



***Vanessa's got the measure of you!***

probably never tired of the money they could amass by being such a desirable star of the screen. Women are not so silly that they can't add up the simple sum that a spot of beauty sensually flaunted before a man can bring forth a spot of money, or at least the odd few material goodies!

Women have always used their physical attractiveness to gain their own ends. And who can blame them? Whether they flaunt it or not, their physical attributes are always going to be leered at, gloated over and be the butt of smutty jokes amongst the boys, so why not cash in on this fact? And it isn't just prostitutes who use their bodies to get

some money. Or page three girls. Or all the various types of models that abound in the beauty and fashion business.

Even the girl next door knows how to present herself to any male she has her eyes on in order to 'earn' a free visit to the cinema, or a buckshee dinner.

We women have got you fellows taped. That's the bald truth whether you like it or not.

However, is there much difference between the ability of the pretty and the plain woman to understand them?

If there is a difference (and I think there is), then it must have something to do with the fact that the plain

woman has to work a little bit harder to achieve her ends.

After all, men are attracted by what they see in the first instant. Naturally enough, the more pleasing to the eye a female is, then the more the male is immediately aware of her. So the pretty girl really

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***"A plainer woman gets to know more out of sheer necessity"***

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doesn't have to do too much except keep herself pretty and make sure she is in the right place at the right time and the rest will follow from there.

Most feminists certainly don't want to be seen as being particularly interested in themselves as sexual beings.

Is that why they seem to do their best to make themselves unattractive? They go big bundles on being what they call 'natural', possibly spending as much time on making themselves look scruffy — searching through the flea markets and secondhand shops for baggy, saggy tee-shirts and shapeless leggings — as their more aesthetically aware sisters spend sitting in front of their mirrors with their make-up bags.

Perhaps it's because they 'know' men so well but don't like what they know. Even an erstwhile pretty girl can appear as a plain Jane to the opposite sex if she has a mind to do so! For women who are 'off men' it is immaterial whether they know more about them or not.

So what conclusion are we drawn towards? I have noticed through my years as a divorcee that it is always



the beautiful woman who is flirted with, pursued and invited out to that special restaurant or taken to the party.

At a dance she is always to be seen in a man's arms while her plainer sister is found sitting at a table with other women, pretending she is vitally interested in their boring conversation.

If she wishes to change this situation she realises she has to work at it. She has to accept the fact that her appearance alone is not sufficient to attract and keep a man's interest, so she must take an interest in the things that interest men. She must be able to chat about the subjects that men chat about.

She has to use her brain, not her beauty in order to make herself acceptable to men.

It is in this way that the plainer woman gets to know more about men than the beautiful woman — out of sheer necessity!

I think this is what Katharine Hepburn meant when she said plain women know more about men than beautiful ones. They jolly well have to, if they want to get to know them!

However, as postscript, I have always found that if a man wants a good, fun time, it is the pretty girl he chooses, but when it comes to looking for that more serious relationship the plain girl then becomes top of the pops.

Most men would rather spend their lives with a plain Jane who uses her brain and a nice personality than with the most beautiful creature imaginable who hasn't a clue how to boil an egg and who is about as interesting to hold a conversation with as yesterday's stale sandwich.

Now here's my parting shot. Perhaps some day we may see men as concerned about being attractive to the opposite sex — that day can't come too soon.



*Using her brains and her beauty.*

In the second of our series on German nude opportunities, Graham Denney explores Berlin's FKK clubs and visits the city's lakeside beaches.



## German Travel Tips

### GROSSER MUEGGLERSEE

**T**HIS is, to my knowledge, the only nudist area in the eastern part of the city. Go by S-Bahn to Rahnsdorf and then either turn right on the road on the south side of the station or catch the bus south one stop. Then go to the main road, turn right and proceed to the main entrance of the Strandbad.

The nudist part is further along to the right, past the buildings. Keep on till you see a sign saying 'FKK beginnt', by a small wooded area. The beach is further along, and is a wide sandy section with plenty of loungers. Swimming is **not** allowed from the lake bank in the wooded area.

As far as facilities go, this beats all the others hands down. Not only does it have the standard showers and loos ('bog-standard', one might say!) but also a terraced area at the back with food and drink, a life-size chess board, ten-pin and a 9-men's morris board, table tennis and a seesaw.

### TIERGARTEN

This is the major park in the centre of Berlin. Nudity is not mentioned in either of my guidebooks, but I reasoned that it would be a pretty good bet that people would strip off there.

It is in the corner of the Tiergarten nearest to the Victory Column, between 17, Juni Strasse, and Hofjaeger Strasse (i.e., bottom left of the Victory Column). It is pleasant here, with rows of trees and bushes screening the lawns from the main roads.

There were lots of naked bodies strewn across several separate lawns. Men, however, seemed to predominate. At night, apparently, it's a gay pick-up zone.

\* \* \*

Two other naturist areas of

Berlin, both of which have adjacent beaches, are Strandbad Tegel and Strandbad Oberhavel, both in north-west Berlin.

Tegel can be reached by taking the S-Bahn to Tegel, walking down to the lake front and getting the boat from Landing (Bruecke) 6 to the Strandbad. Oberhavel is further along the lake to the north.

There are three FKK clubs in Berlin.

One is in the countryside in the south of the city (Verein für Körperkultur Berlin-Süd-West e.V., Ostpreussendamm 85-B, Lichterfelde, 1000 Berlin 45, tel. (030) 712 2010/712 34 92. It is possible to camp here). A second is by Grünewald S-Bahn station, on the west side of the railway line (Helios, Verein für Gesundheit und Sport, Berlin e.V., Dusseldorfer Strasse 38, 1000 Berlin 15, tel. (030) 881 93 19).

The Grünewald site, where camping is possible, is at Im Jagen 57/58, bei Auerbachstrasse - Tunnel - Elichkampstrasse, Grünewald/Wilmersdorf, 1000 Berlin 33, tel. (030) 302 63 48).

The third is north-west of Tegel, at Heiligensee (Verein der Saunafreunde e.V., Rognitzstrasse 8, 1000 Berlin 19, tel. (030) 301 70 71. The site is at Süderholmer Steig 3, 1000 Berlin 27, tel. (030) 431 10 79, and camping is possible here as well). The information on these clubs was taken from the 1990-1 INF Guide.

Berlin has plenty to offer both the clothed and unclothed tourist — but with all these naturist sites the unclothed tourist will have far more fun!

The weather can be excellent — the temperature was already mid-70s in early July this year. Visit the re-unified Berlin soon and enjoy city centre nudism for a change!



## ACCOMMODATION

**B&B Country Village**, Essex/Suffolk border, young couple share complete relaxation with you. Solarium, massage. Evening meal available. Tel: 0787 224 142. (7)

**Blackpool**, small licensed hotel, B&B, dinner, good home cooking, massage available. Genuine naturists only. Box No. 3713. (5)

**Naturist Lady** offers nice naturists B&B £20, or daytime/evening break. Friendly fireside environment. Singles welcome. Call anytime. 288 Nottingham Road, Ripley, Derbyshire. (5)

**B&B**, daytime breaks, in naturist household. Near free beach. SAE Sarah Gregory, Box 2, Mablethorpe, Lincs LN12 1ND. (0507) 477842. (5)

**B&B** 5 mins Gatwick Airport, Surrey/Sussex border. 2 mins local pub. 5 mins Aztec Sun Club. Friendly, family establishment. 0293 784030. (4x1)

**B&B**, North-West. Day/evening breaks; owner professional masseur; full service massage; speciality aromatherapy, aromatic bathing, naturist, etc. Confidential, discreet service. 051-652-5948. (c)

**W. Wales**, Pembrokeshire. B&B in Country House set in 4 acres of grounds, overlooking the sea. Repts., singles, couples welcome. Sauna, Jacuzzi, Sunbed. Naturist environment. Tel. 03486 223. (c)

**Visiting London?** Naturist accommodation in private home for friendly couples/single ladies; central London. Further details from: Jones, P.O. Box 101, London W9. (5)

**Secluded Thatched Cottage**, Dartmoor, Devon. B&B with a relaxed nudist environment. Couples, singles, repts welcome. Bar, multigym, massage. Easy reach M5, A38. Please phone 06477359. (5)

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## BUSINESS INTERESTS

**Peter and Patsy** would like to hear from anyone interested in participating financially or working in or joining a naturist day/night club proposed for the Birmingham area. Tel: 0922 614348. (7)

## CHRISTIAN NATURISTS

**Christian Naturist**. Join established non-denominational fellowship's Cornwall holiday (August); also fellowship, introductions, counselling, slimming plan. SAE + 50p details: R. Taverner, PO Box 302, Croydon, Surrey CR9 2ES. (5)

## FRIENDSHIP

### LISA'S

#### Contacts - Parties

A private members club for liberated couples and singles providing nationwide contacts/parties and intimate social events.  
0831 377680 (5)

**Devon**. Attractive slim male, 40's, seeks friendship with younger male, slim, travelling repts, etc., who visit Devon. Single or married. Write to: — Box No. 3709. (7)

**Businessman** invites female 50-ish to share weekends at his South-East coast bungalow, affording complete naturist facilities; with delightful suntrap secluded garden. Sun club/beach visits optional. Plus winter holidays abroad. — Box No. 3710. (7)

**Professional male**, non-smoker, thirty-something, S. Coast based seeks uninhibited, genuine female companion age unimportant for naturist beach/sun club visits and holidays UK and Abroad. — Box No. 3712. (7)

**Inexperienced Naturist Couple** (30's) invite contact from broadminded couples/ladies for social gatherings, beach visits, Sussex area. Photo ensures reply. — Box No. 3711. (7)

**Professional gent** 32, first time naturist seeks lady partner 20-50 for expenses paid holiday in sun. Please write with photo. — Box No. 3705. (6)

**Male** 37, 5' 5", slim, seeks friendship with female 18+ and for trips to beaches, clubs, fun times, etc. So come on girls take on the challenge. — Box No. 3706. (6)

**Gentleman**, sincere naturist, 43, seeks like minded female naturist for friendship, possible romance/marriage for companionship to winter pool swims, beaches, sun clubs, in Southern New England area. Photo appreciated/returned. Please write to Mr. William J. Natale, 52 Manhasett Street, Cranston, Rhode Island, 02910, USA. (6)

**Single guy**, professional type and keen on travel but quite new to naturism would like to hear from single girl or another guy preferably in North West, to make friends and visit places together. Age unimportant as long as compatible. — Box No. 3707. (6)

**Male naturist**, 20, seeks female penfriends under 30. Martin, PO Box 348, Wentworth Building, University of Sydney, 2006, Australia. (6)

**Male**, slim, professional, 33 seeks similar or younger male enjoying home naturism, photography, beaches, friendship, ALA. Photo appreciated. — Box No. 3708. (6)

**CCBN** fun loving man 37, seeks fun loving female 20-45 to enjoy naturist clubs and nights out. Very discreet. Dave 0831 805475. (6)

**The Ultimate Contact Club**. Send £1 to: L A Inlan, Bancffosfelen, Llanelli, SA15 5HP, UK. (5)

**Mel(anie)** received your reply thanks, but no SAE enclosed, if you can please write again. David. — Box 3691. (5)

**Easygoing male**, 34, 12 year old daughter, own house, non-smoker, likes swimming, sailing, camping, seeks female for friendship. Dublin/anywhere. — Box No. 3704. (5)

**Ex London** Health and Sauna Club member with own heated indoor pool and sauna, invites ladies and couples to join him as friends one evening a week. Edgware area. — Box No. 3697. (4)

**Busy couple**, 30s, body jewellery/depilated, interested in meeting local intelligent couples only for occasional get-togethers — experienced but safe. SAE and photos guarantee reply, Definitely no reply to single men. Weybridge. — Box No. 3702. (4x4)

**Make friends** with others interested in vegetarianism, alternative therapies, New Age, green issues, naturism and stress-free living. Stamp please: Natural Friends (HE), 15 Benyon Gardens, Culford, Suffolk IP28 6EA. 0284 728315. (4x12)

**Person to Person** - Britain's brightest singles magazine puts people in touch. UK/Overseas. Free details (Dept. A.39) PO Box 4, Goring RG8 9DN. (7x6)

**Seeking naturists**, communes, couples, companions of similar mind? Penfriends in all areas and throughout USA/worldwide. Stamp please. Baraka H, The Golden Wheel, Liverpool L15 3HT. (12x12)

**International Newsletter**, plus worldwide correspondence list; free listing. Also naturist photos, posters and videos. For more information, write to I.N.I.C., P.O. Box 2082 2800 Be Gouda, Holland. (6)

**Male Nude Swimming** 18+ (London). Group also arranges nude socials which include photography, massage and body painting. Send age, photo, interests and SAE. — Box No. 3612. (12x12)

**The Network**, World's largest friendship organisation. 1600 members in 34 countries. For information send £1 to: Network Int., — Box No. 3582. (c)

## FOR SALE

**Hand Crocheted Thongs** male/female £8.00, Bikinis £20.00, brief swimsuit £30. White/cream. Mrs. Wills, Bridge Farm, Leigh, Sherborne, Dorset. (c)

## HOLIDAYS

**Coach Travel** to naturist Cap d'Agde. £95 return from London or Dover. Contact Maurice at Emsdale Travel Telephone: 081-514-0005 (7)

**Costa Blanca**. Superb 2-bed villa. Fantastic views. Own pool, complete privacy, suit naturists. Beach, tennis, bowls, golf nearby. 0582 413419. (5)

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**Horsham, West Sussex RH13 6ZA** (6)

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**071-253-4037** (6)

**Lanzarote**. Lovely country villa — a naturist's dream! Two bedroom villa with large screened pool and garden. Tel: 0275 332987. (7)

**Cap d'Agde**. Superior penthouse apartment with huge sun terrace and private pool. Overlooking harbour. Sleeps 2-6, fully fitted out to English standards. Phone 0323 640978. (5x5)

**S. France** flat in Aphrodite Naturist Village by Med. near Perpignan, sleeps 2-4. Reasonable prices. Tel: 0562 730 076 or (010 33) 68 40 13 13. (4)

**Sunrich Holidays to Spain**. Send £10 (refundable on booking) for video brochure, or write NVC, PO Box 65, Leighton Buzzard, LU7 8TJ. (5)

**France-Travelling South?** Then a pleasant overnight stay in a small family hotel in Tours will give you the rest you need. Write for brochure to Henri Box No. 3000.

**South East Spain** (Garrucha, Almeria). House to let, equipped for four, 150 yards from sandy beach, 2km nudist beach, 5km Las Rozas nudist sites. £50-£200 per week rental. — Box No. 3455. (JM)

**Fuerteventura** Escape to the island of deserted golden beaches, year-round sunshine and clear turquoise ocean. Apartment or villa — the choice is yours! Tel: 0275 332987. (7)

## HOLIDAY PARTNERS

**Is there a lady** (20-50) who would like to share a holiday with me at Cap d'Agde, July? — Box No. 3701. (4)

**Travelmate** the introduction service for Travellers/Holidaymakers now has a Naturist Section. Details: Travelmate (Ref.HE) 18 Cavendish Road, Bournemouth BR1 1RF. Tel/Fax 0202 558314 (c)

## MASSAGE

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**F**RANCE is renowned for its markets and for many people, that is one of its prime attractions. There's nothing like strolling around a good French market, soaking in the atmosphere, prodding the produce, smelling the scents and bartering with the stallholders.

One very well organised campsite has recognised this and provides its customers with a sheet giving the local markets and which days they happen. **Le Cro Magnon** is a fairly new, Dutch owned naturist site perched up on a escarpment above the River Dordogne. Six of the nearby towns have markets, most notably Sarlat market on a Saturday morning where the entire town is closed to traffic and filled with stalls of every variety. Sarlat is an attractive old town and well worth visiting whether you are interested in markets or not.

Another beautiful old town is Domme where the market takes place on a Thursday morning. Cars have to be parked outside the ancient walls of the town and the market stretches up the main street and fills the square.

Le Bugue, St. Cyprien, Le Buisson and Belvès are the other places near **Le Cro Magnon** to

**Apart from flopping about at the sun club, why not enjoy the local colour and flavour of the market whilst you're on holiday? You may even pick up a few bargains too. Mary Stephenson points the way.**

hold markets.

Carpentras, not far from Avignon, is another town that is shut off from traffic to allow for the market which fills the whole centre. Market day is on a Friday and easily reached from **Bélèzy**.

**Bélèzy** is very close to Bedoin where market day is Monday. Although this market is not nearly as big as the Carpentras one, it does have several stalls selling unusual items such as distinctive jewellery or unique arts and crafts.

Forcalquier market is also on a Monday and again the entire centre of the town is filled with stalls. There is the vegetable section, the crafts section, the fabrics section and the jewellery section. Naturist centres nearby are **Grand Champ, Les Lauzons** and **Le Vallon des Oiseaux**.

These three sites are also handy for the smaller market at Manosque on a Saturday.

The town of Arles has a good market which takes place on a

Saturday. Since **Chateau des Feuilles** was sold there are, unfortunately, no naturist centres nearby but if you are prepared for an early start it is still possible to get there from **Bélèzy** and, with an even earlier start, **Grand Champ, Les Lauzons** and **Le Vallon des Oiseaux**.

For those who are not used to French markets there are some factors to remember. Firstly it is important to arrive as soon after nine o'clock in the morning as possible. Be prepared for parking problems because the bigger markets mean streets and car parks are closed off to traffic. It often involves parking on the outskirts and walking in.

By 1.00 o'clock in the afternoon it is as though the market was never there. The dismantling process is so practised that the town is restored to normality very swiftly. Stallholders are starting to pack up their goods by midday.

Do haggle. That is part and parcel of market buying and

selling. Don't be afraid to offer a much lower price and when the stallholder laughs or calls it an insult, don't be put off, it's all part of the game.

Another common part of market life is the gypsy with a kid or kittens and puppies. Passers-by are lured by the lovely little creatures and then pounced on by the gypsy asking for money. A firm 'No' is not enough on its own, you have to walk away at the same time.

After walking round stalls for hours, it is nice to relax outside a café and watch the rest of the world go by while you sip a cold beer or drink coffee.

Prices of drinks in French cafés take into account the fact that this is a favourite pastime and one round of drinks may last an hour. Consequently the price per glass will bear little resemblance to the equivalent in the supermarket. Make your drink last!

\* \* \*

For addresses and numbers of the centres mentioned in this *Nudifax* write for our *Nudifax France Sheet 9* from: Mary Stephenson, c/o H & E, 28 Charles Square, Pitfield Street, London N1 6HT.

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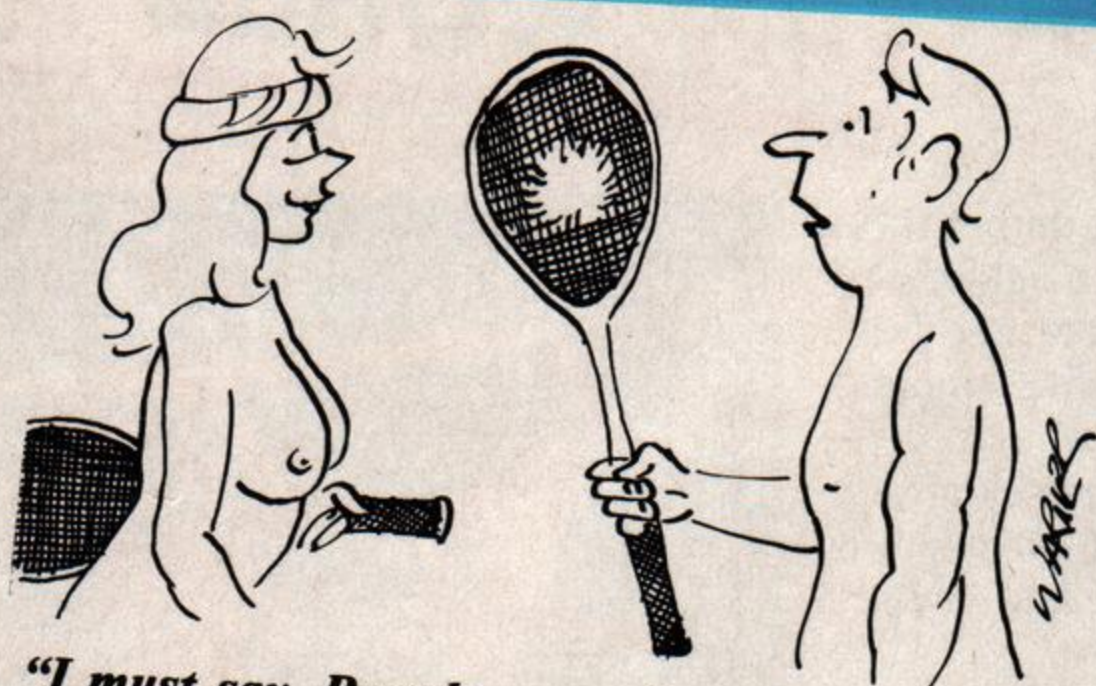
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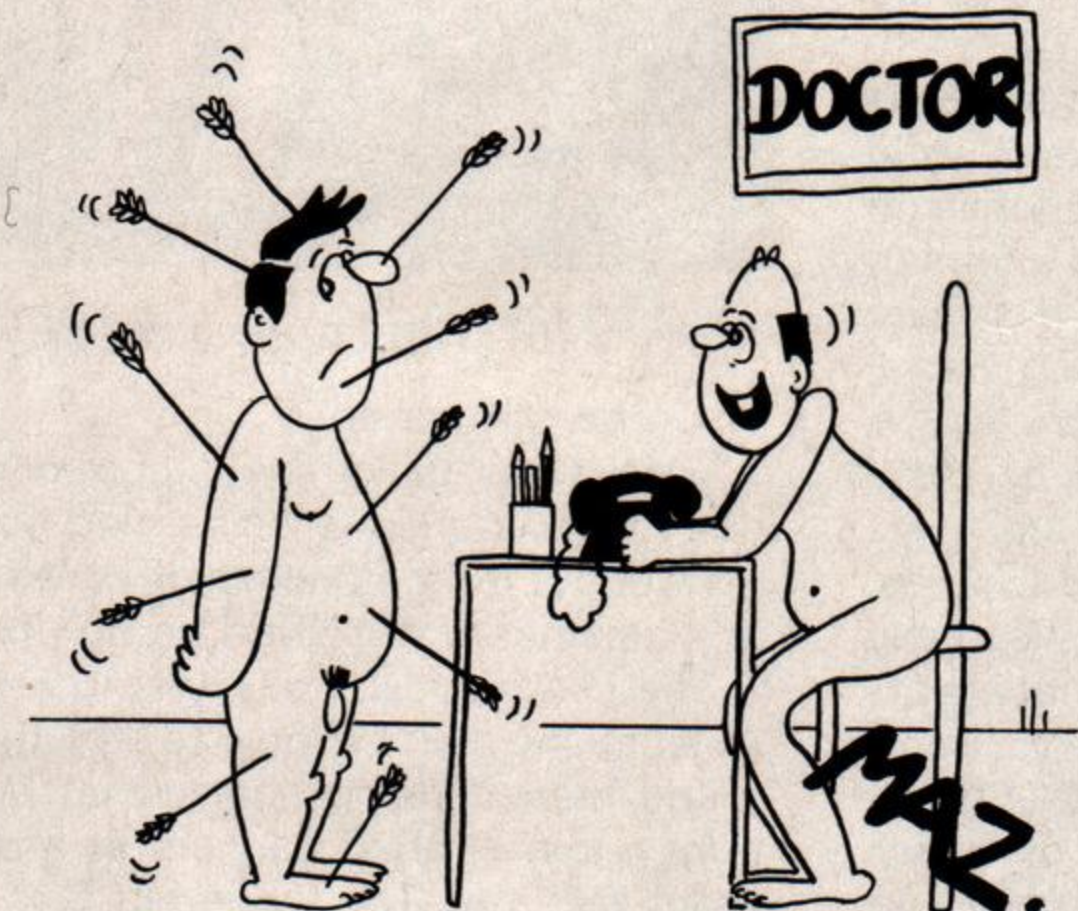


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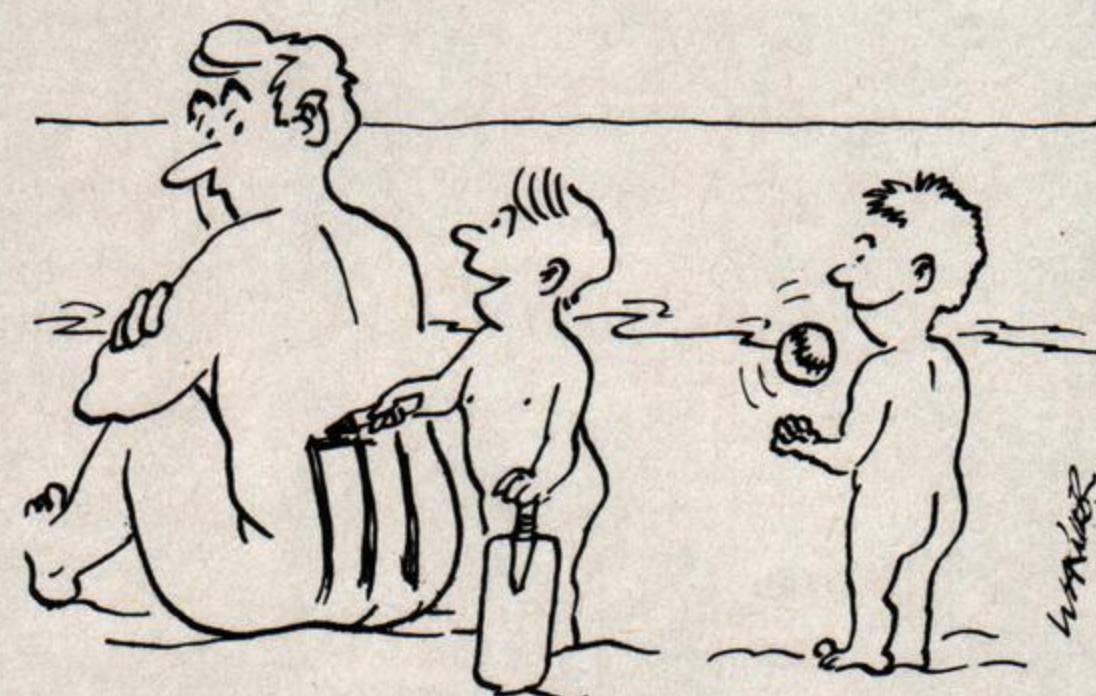
*This month we highlight the perils of being a sporting nudist*



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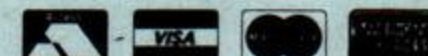
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## BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT

**W**E all know that the Princess of Wales likes warmth. She has incurred the royal displeasure by defying convention and heading south for the sunshine during the summer instead of north to draughty Balmoral. It seems she won her own way as the summer break in the sunshine has become the norm. Indeed, at this time of year 'shooting' the Princess of Wales in a bikini with a telephoto lens seems to have become as much a seasonal sport with the nation's press as shooting grouse is with the Royals themselves. My predecessor, Murray Wren, once revealed in this column

**"And then comes hot July,  
boiling like to fire,  
That all his garments he had  
cast away . . ."**

**S**O wrote Edmund Spencer, the Elizabethan Poet, which rather suggests that in his day July was predictable as a month of hot sunny days! Which makes you wonder if there is not some truth in the idea that the weather is changing.

July is supposed to be one of the warmest and driest months of the year, but legend has it that if it rains on St Swithins Day, the 15th of July, then it is likely to rain for the next forty days!

July is actually named after Julius Caesar. You see Julius got an old Egyptian astrologer named Sosigenes to devise a calendar, then took the credit by naming it after himself — 'The Julian Calendar'. Julius Caesar's calendar was used until 1582. Then Pope Gregory revised it to produce the calendar we still use today. Now, not a lot of People know that.

Enough from the useless information department — what's going on in the world of the unclothed?

that a little blackbird had told him that Princess Diana is in the habit of skinny-dipping in the private pool safely behind the walls of Highgrove. If only the press would leave her alone when she is on holiday — then she could go skinny-dipping in the sea like the rest of us!

But what about the rest of the royal family?

Prince Charles became a pin-up boy a while back when a British national newspaper printed a nice picture of him changing his shirt at a polo match. Of course they had to go and print it next to the now obligatory 'Page Three Girl', which apparently caused a few red faces at the palace.

The Queen Mother, bless her heart, was reported not to have batted an eyelid when she came across some naturists while on a beach picnic near Norfolk last summer, though folk in the near vicinity did cover up as a 'mark of respect', which was a wise move since the beach is owned by Viscount Coke and we should be extra vigilant about our behaviour there.

Not so enthusiastic is Prince Charles, despite his penchant for baring his manly chest on polo fields. It appears that agents acting on his behalf have given a very cool response to approaches by CCBN for permission to use a stretch of beach owned by the Prince when he has his Duke



***Hot sun, cool water!***

of Cornwall tiara on.

'Please sir, us ordinary common folk don't all own private swimming pools.'

I wonder if the Princess of Wales owns any beaches? I bet she'd be on our side.

She certainly isn't easily embarrassed. At least she didn't appear to be when she found herself being chatted up by four hunky, loin clothed dancers at a charity ballet recently. They were, in fact, male

## DAMN - WE MISSED IT!!

**T**HE 'nude' is in vogue, according to the headline of a revue of an art exhibition some kind person sent me. 'Nudex 91' was held at the Ottersburn Gallery, Dumfries.

'The exhibition' says the review, 'included every conceivable kind of nude from babies in the bath to hairy old men, fat ladies and sylph-like stunners'. What I found intriguing about the cutting was the way the exhibits were described.

It's a bit like trying to guess what radio actors look like from the sound of their voices.

What do these descriptions conjure up in your mind?

'Wiping around after,' a study of 'a small brother and sister cleaning up after high jinks in the bath'.

'Ancient Times' which 'presents an empanelled, timeless female figure surrounded by smaller panels containing such diverse memorabilia as

birds' skulls and jawbones, a safety razor, and some of the paraphernalia of modern cosmetics.'

A woodcarving of a woman entitled 'Figure in Landscape' was described as 'a delectable experience in tangible curves'.

And then there was 'Cuddles', a drawing of a 'splendidly fat nude lady', and 'Blue Nude', which shows us 'a splendidly large female bottom'.

But the pieces-de-resistance were some tapestry nudes 'based on the techniques of the Bayeux Tapestry but with very different subjects'. What do you make of titles like: 'Several knickers in conversation at a party' and 'Big Alec and Young Kirsty in light-hearted mood'?

I wish I'd been sent the cutting earlier, I would have organised a coach trip, I'm sure we would have all enjoyed going to it.





# OF THE NATURIST

by James Lewis our News Stripper

strippers with 'The Chippendales' helping out for the night, but the Princess of Wales did not appear to hold that against them.

Another Royal who might prove willing to support the cause is the Duke of York.

He likes a bit of fun and we all know he isn't averse to skinny-dipping because 'The Sun' published a picture, taken a few years ago, of him doing just that in a Canadian river.

## Royal possibility

But the one Royal who could really be relied on to help us out is, sadly, no longer with us.

King Edward VIII is reputed to have moored his yacht off the island of Rab in the northern Adriatic way back in 1935, stripped off, and dived naked over the side, thus becoming the first British naturist in Yugoslavia. To this day the spot is still known as 'English bay'.

## THE AD MAN COMETH

THE Ad men are at it again.

It really does seem that no-one minds a bit of nudity so long as someone is making money out of it.

Which all strikes me as rather comical. I live in a part of the world where people write letters signed 'Disgusted Oxwich' to the local paper if they come across any overtly blatant nudity on the local beaches.

One common argument is that they find nudity 'embarrassing' and do not see why they should have other people's ways foisted upon them.

Now many of the folk who take this view are elderly and were, therefore, brought up in a very different atmosphere and I can appreciate that the attitudes their upbringing taught them are very different. Many of them have lived in the same area all their lives and see the local beach as their territory.

Now that is a viewpoint I can see a logic to, I can understand it and even feel a certain sympathy for the folk who feel that way.

This is why I am all in favour of 'official' beach areas so that people who would be embarrassed can easily give them a wide berth.

But what I cannot understand, and what strikes me as quite hilarious, is that the same people do not mind nudity being thrust at them on advertising hoardings all over their own home town.

The home town I share with 'Disgusted Oxwich' has been decorated, of late, with all sort of bits of nude bodies.

Bits of ladies' torsos, emblazoned with the legend, 'Underwear by Soft and Gentle', do their bit to improve the appearance of the local bus shelters. There are also many examples of the impressive advertising campaign for the multiple sclerosis research charity, and no-one has turned a hair, much less written to the local paper.

Nor do I hear cries of 'Tut, tut, disgusting' coming from the old lady in the doctor's waiting room who sits in the corner reading last year's 'Woman's Own' with the advert for 'Vaseline Derma Care' cream or a cosmetic surgery clinic that inflates bosoms and deflates bottoms — both of which feature nudes.

The latest on the bandwagon is Calvin Jeans. Their ads now feature rippling abdominal muscles, glistening pelvises — or is it pelvi — and muscular thighs. By the time you have read this you will have been treated to bare breasts and bums in showers and urinals in an advertising campaign 'aimed at the young and restless'.

## Increased sales

I wouldn't mind betting that Calvin Klein will do very nicely thank you — not just of the products the posters advertise but also out of sales of poster versions of the ads.

I don't mind.

No doubt the ads will appear on TV and posters — and thus be thrust further upon 'Disgusted Oxwich' who will not turn a hair.

And who knows, 'Disgusted Oxwich' will get so used to naked bodies all over the place that they won't be so disgusted if they see one on the beach.

## QUICKIES

- Will Cannes be the same this summer after last year's hiatus in which Mayor Michell Mouillot ordered 75 franc fines for being improperly undressed? According to my cuttings file the trend for going topless started in Cannes in 1954 when an actress named Simone Silva took off her top to embarrass film star Robert Mitchum.
- Did you know that during the civil war in Yugoslavia 2,000 naturists refused to leave the country?
- Some young office girls who thought it would be a good idea to top up their topless tans in Victoria Park Bath during their lunch breaks prompted letters of complaint to the local paper. In the ironically named 'English Garden' in Munich, German office girls quite happily strip wholesale and nobody takes any notice. I wonder if the European Market will make any difference?
- Do you use a computer in work? Does your work involve using a secret password? If it does beware — psychologists have decided that the passwords people choose provide hidden clues to their personality — so, if your boss doesn't approve of naturism be warned!
- The citizens of Weston-super-Mare were treated to a mass streak when a Rugby team took it into their heads to go for a nude swim and a joker hid their clothes. And, in Wiltshire, a bridegroom was left stranded starkers, by his stag party revellers at a motorway service station, with only a five pound note to cover his embarrassment. With mates like that who needs enemies?



***First Katie got herself fit — then naked!***



*Sauna time again.*



*It's for you!*



# **GETTING BACK INTO THE SWIM AGAIN**

Most of us would like to change some aspect of our lives, but finding the motivation isn't always so easy as Katie found out. Sometimes we need a little help from our friends . . .





*Swimming's the most relaxing.*





*Feeling fit for anything.*





### *Would you mind closing the door?*

**I**T'S funny that the course of your life can be so dramatically altered in five minutes. It could be a chance meeting that leads to a job offer or a chance to make some 'easy' money or maybe something that suddenly provides a new direction or gives you a new outlook that ultimately works to your own advantage.

In my case it was an unexpected encounter with an old schoolfriend — we literally bumped into each other on the train as I was coming into work one morning. I hadn't seen Caroline for ten years but we clicked immediately and started chattering and giggling just as we used to in the back of the English class — and the history class, the maths and all the others.

She was looking great and seemed to radiate health and

vitality, a fact she attributed to a seemingly endless round of swimming sessions, saunas, squash and the like. I felt quite ashamed of my recently purchased breakfast sticky bun

from the station buffet and positively wretched as I lit yet another cigarette on the journey.

'Whatever happened to you, you old slob, you used to be quite a little fitness fanatic at school didn't you?' she teased.

It was true, fitness had always been important and I enjoyed cross-country running and track events.

I was quite good too, the highlight of my 'career' being a bronze medal in an Amateur Athletics Association 400 metres race at Crystal Palace in 1985.

I couldn't run for a bus now and the nearest I came to cross-country was being annoyed

when I missed a Hank Wangford concert on the TV.

I'd vowed to change my ways but somehow although I knew I wasn't happy with the way I was I could never quite make the final step and actually do something to change. I just made excuses and kidded myself I was alright.

Caroline changed all that though! We didn't live too far apart so it was easy to meet up a couple of times a week at the local leisure centre for a work-out. I started slowly and I admit it was hard at first but within weeks I felt the old energy returning. Now I charge up the tube station stairs, two at a time, on the way to work, whereas I used to get knackered on an escalator.

Although I made good use of the gymnasium and even

ventured into the weights room to pump iron with the lads on one particularly muscle wrenching occasion, it was swimming that I enjoyed most.

It was the only activity that didn't involve using massive amounts of energy and adrenalin to achieve results and was so relaxing that sometimes I didn't want to leave after the regulation thirty lengths, as my new mentor insisted, and sweat away in a sizzling sauna.

We even became involved in a nude swimming evening organised by a local naturist group, some of whom used the centre regularly and we had become friendly with. So now I've got two new things in my life and I feel so much better. Five minutes is all it took!



### *Sauna time?*



*Nice to see you again.*



### *Whoops!*



## EDITORIAL

# WHO AM I?

**W**HAT'S a typical woman like? Well, we're supposed to change our minds a lot. I'm guilty of that.

We're supposed to be muddle headed, our brains filled with nothing but cotton wool. Guilty again — at least on a Monday.

Those of us who don't relish the label of an empty headed idiot have an alternative. We can be Superwomen. Work all day, play all night; feed a family of six on a pound a day (supplementing the diet with our own home grown organic lentils); turn into a pouting Lolita sprawled over the black satin sheets somewhere around midnight; take an active interest — or part — in local politics (or failing that, in local theatre); and somewhere along the line fit in studying for that degree in applied mathematics.

If we're really lucky, we've got a New Man in tow. He is equally capable of doing all the above as well (with the possible exception of a Lolita impersonation) with the added advantage that he *really* wants to do it, having misspent his youth as a male chauvinist and seen the error of his ways.

For the rest of the male species, a woman like that would be enough to make you run a mile in fear.

Luckily, 'real' women are neither bimbos nor perfectly honed mistresses of efficiency. But they can still be a daunting prospect to get to know.

How does the average woman tick? Would you know when to engage us in intellectual conversation and when to turn the lights down for a bit of more basic conversation? Or the arguments to use to persuade one of us to try the naturist club?

H & E's free booklet this month will give away a few hints about us, our minds and our bodies. We're not really a race apart, you know, us women, but maybe sometimes you may be forgiven for thinking so!

*Jane*

Jane Hendy-Smith  
Editor

# Relate

Whether you want to shout your mouth off, or whisper a little word in our ear, here's your chance. Send your stories, your photos and your views to us at H & E, Peenhill Publishers, 28 Charles Square, Pitfield Street, London N1 6HT.



*Get ahead, get a hat.*

## POCKETS

**W**HEN one is all bare in the warmth of the sun and perhaps depilated for an elegant all over tan, one occasionally needs a place to carry a key and some money. I've found a pocket sewn or pinned in my hat more convenient and less nuisance than the little

pouches they sell and not as damp as a place in one of my sandals. Of course it is important that one's hat doesn't blow off in a wind! Perhaps this idea would be useful to some of your other readers.

D.P.

Canada



★ **YOUR LETTERS**  
 ★ **YOUR PHOTOS**  
 ★ **YOUR VIEWS**  
 ★ **YOUR EXPERIENCES**

**WARM AND BEAUTIFUL**

**I**ENJOY going for country walks, and on a fine sunny day there is nothing like stripping off and soaking up the sun in a nice quiet and secluded spot. To have the smells of the trees and other wild flowers and on occasions to even see deer passing quite closely is absolutely wonderful and just laying there, feeling the warm rays of the sun, is heaven.

Over the last few years, we have all been made aware of child abuse. I believe this may be partly one of the reasons why I have come to naturism. As a child, my father used to burn me with cigarettes. The pain that this

caused can only be understood by someone who has also been through the same. Not only does something like that cause pain but it can manifest itself into all facets of one's person. Naturism has helped me to begin to realise my full potential. I have found the people I have met in naturism very warm, open and intelligent.

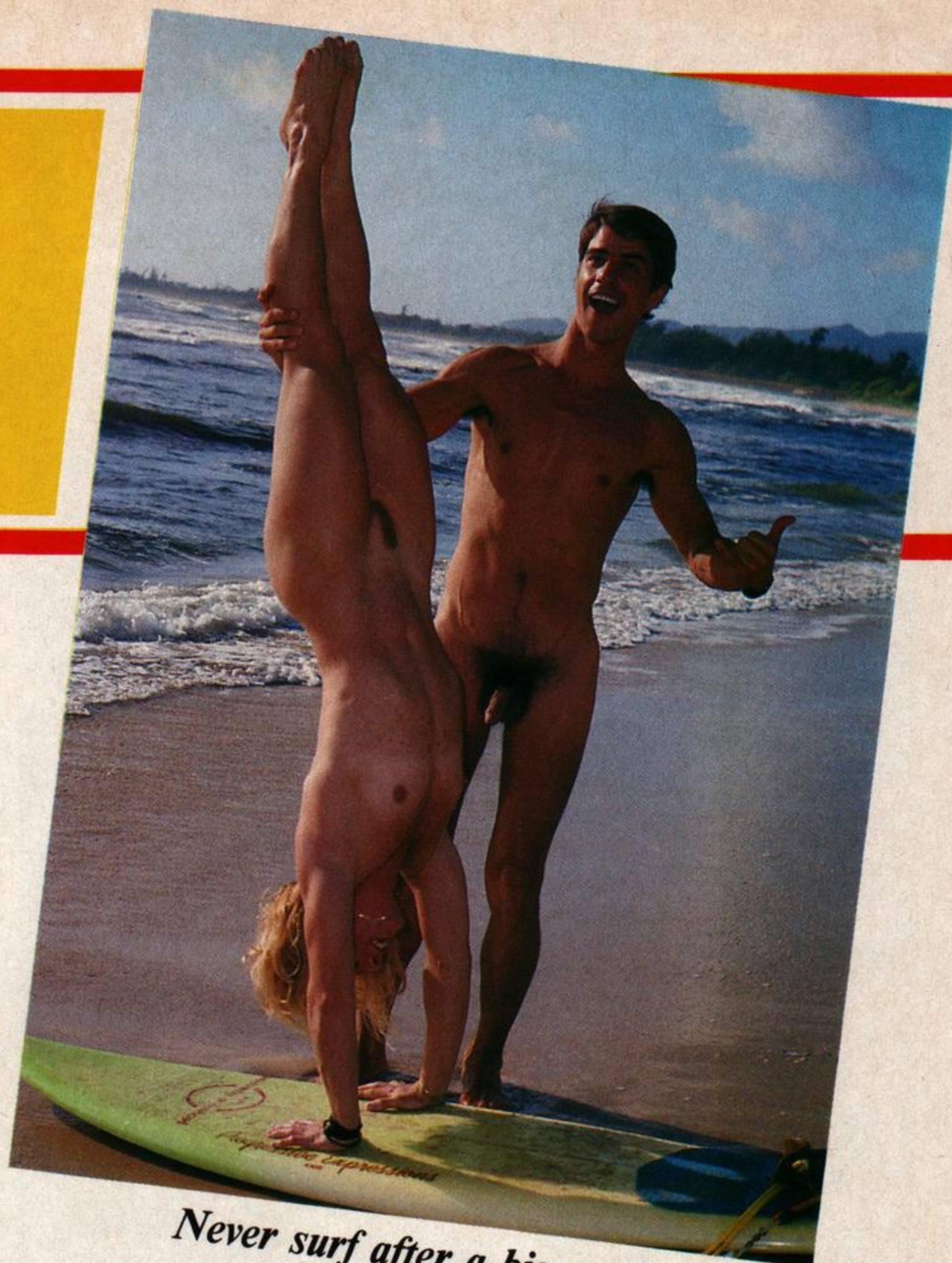
It's unfortunate that the majority of people still hide behind their clothes.

R.P.

Wales

**AN UPLIFTING TALE**

**T**HIS year at the age of forty-five I celebrate twenty years of glorious naturism. Nothing particularly special in that I grant



*Never surf after a big meal!*



**INTERNATIONAL PHOTO EXHIBITION IN THE NETHERLANDS**

**T**HE first International naturist photo exhibition held in a municipal building took place two years ago in the city of Gouda, Holland. It was a great success and drew seven hundred people from all over The Netherlands.

The photoclub 'Friends of Nature' being a part of the naturist swim and sauna club, now having almost six hundred members,

decided this time to extend this unique exhibition from three to four days, hoping to attract more visitors.

Visitors were asked to vote for the best photo, giving reasons. Nearly all filled in the form and the above photo became the winner.

The photo was taken by Robbert Broekstra in Brazil and was awarded a prize at the

conclusion of the exhibition. The model is Rose Espindola from Brazil, former vice-president of the Brazilian Federation. She also won the INIC (woman of the year) award 1991.

Amongst the visitors were the Mayor of the city of Gouda and Karl Dressen from Germany, vice-president of the INF (International Naturist Federation).

**MASSAGE BLUES**

**M**Y wife and I are relatively new to naturism and we do enjoy the occasional visit to a health studio for a sauna, solarium and massage which we find relaxing and beneficial. However, for me the massage is a rather embarrassing experience. The combination of a warm temperature, easy-listening music and the relaxing feel of the gentle but firm hands on my body causes the inevitable erection.

I have tried to think of subjects to talk about or think of other cold experiences (which defeats the whole object of a massage anyway) which may help to reduce the swelling but these have failed to work. I am conscious that the masseuse is aware of my predicament but I cannot be certain that she is as equally embarrassed. Perhaps this is something they get used to and that I shouldn't worry about.

I.B.

Luton





## THOU SHALT NOT ANNOY

I HAVE been a practising naturist for six years and, for the same amount of time, a member of Eureka. In a recent issue a person complained about photographers at Eureka's events, especially the Funday and the Body Painting days.

I cannot see the problem because even if somebody, whether accidentally or on purpose, took a picture of a person who objected to being photographed it couldn't appear in a magazine without the subject's written consent.

I'm sure most photographers or those with video cameras at these events have no intention of selling the

results they get.

If you go to a textile event you expect to see photographers there and I cannot see why you should expect things to be different just because you are nude. After all, we have nothing to hide do we?

P.D.

London

*(Regardless of whether or not a picture can be published in a magazine, people still have the right to privacy should they wish. Be polite, ask people whether they mind being photographed and respect their wishes if they don't! — Ed.)*

## A NATURIST GARDEN CLUB?

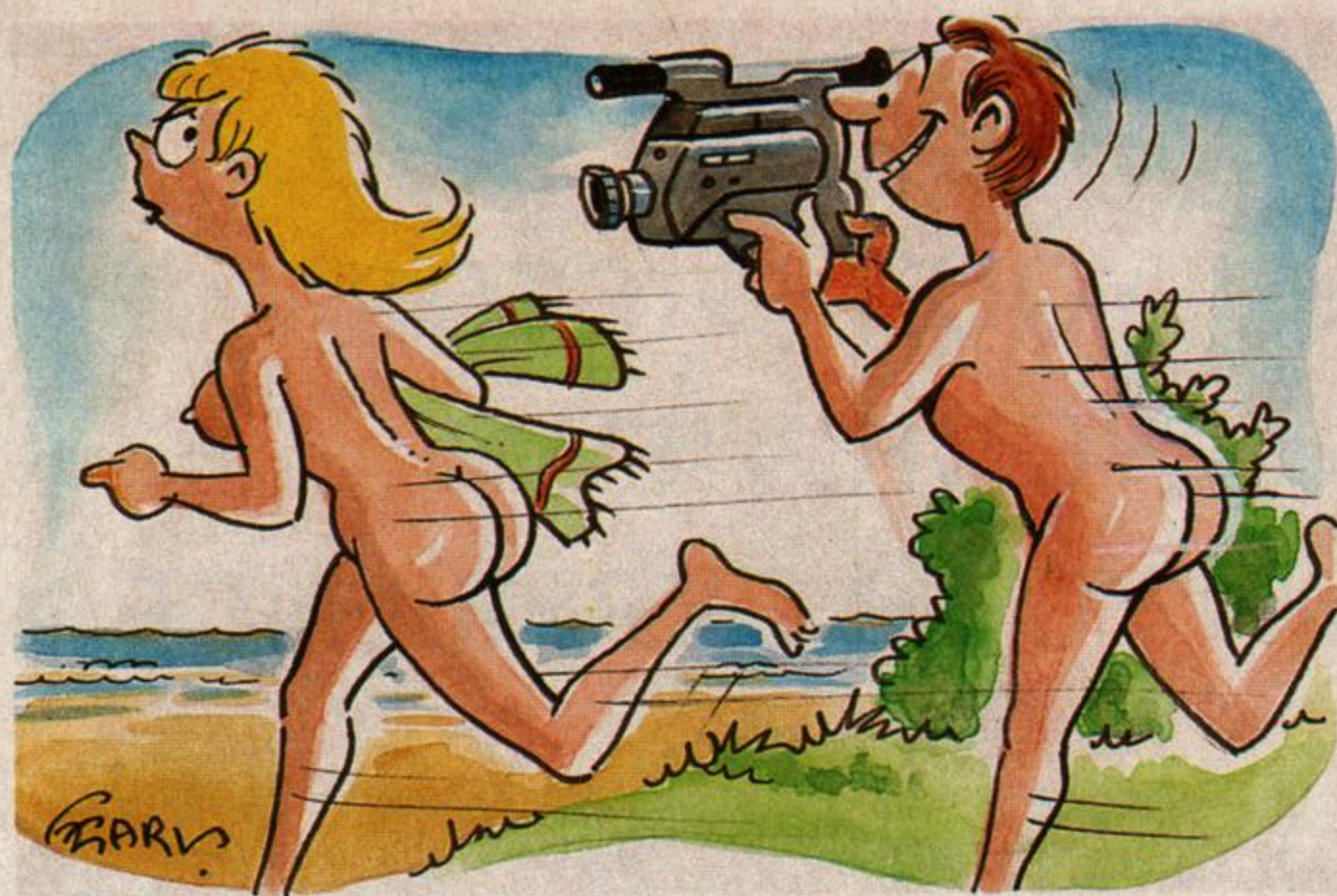
WE are a nation of gardeners — that's a truism, isn't it? And there are plenty of naturists who are also keen gardeners — we've met some of them at Tything Barn and elsewhere. Maybe there's a case for organising a Naturist Garden Circle (or Naturist Horticultural Society if we want to sound really grand). Members would enjoy exchanging views about their favourite plants — they'd discuss their mutual problems — they'd exchange information about cuttings, pruning, compost and a hundred other topics dear to horticulturists about which they'll talk endlessly given half a chance. If the Circle developed as well it might, meetings of members could be arranged — possibly

flower shows amongst themselves, outings to well-known gardens and so on. After all, the Suntrekkers grew rapidly from next-to-nothing to a substantial naturist organisation in a surprisingly short space of time — so, why not a naturist horticultural society?

N.T.

Norfolk

*(It's certainly an interesting idea. Especially in these days of 'Eco-awareness'! What could be more natural than brown bodies and green fingers together in a naturist garden! We'd be interested to hear other readers' views. Why not drop us a line if you have any other ideas that may interest naturists. — Ed.)*



you, but a personal landmark.

I hope though that my story may encourage people with doubts about going nude because of their particular bodies to put their inhibitions and self-doubts to the side and become naturists.

Unfortunately in my early and mid-teenage years I had health problems that necessitated the removal of my developing testicles and some of the muscle tissue at

the base of my penis. Therefore all sexual development was stunted, including the fact that very little pubic hair grew. I immersed myself in sport and educational studies when I was well again instead of chasing after girls as my peer group friends were doing.

Armed with my degree at the age of twenty-two, I travelled around for two years and it was during a stay in France, where I



**We keep saying that naturists come in all shapes and sizes and that regardless of what you look like you'll be accepted — even if you adopt a cloak and dagger approach.**



worked for some time, that I came across nudist beaches for the first time. I therefore had to confront my sexual situation in public really for the first time. At first I tended to sunbathe nude away from the crowds and would turn over onto my front when someone passed nearby to avoid embarrassment.

It was at a beach bar on the nudist beach that I met a nice French girl, who became my first girlfriend.



*Christine enjoying the summer sun.*

I excused myself from sunbathing with her that day. My French conversation was now reasonable and she said she came to the beach most days.

I decided to put my fears and inhibitions behind me and go to the beach that afternoon after finishing work at lunchtime. I walked along the beach just past the end bar where we had met the day before and found her sunbathing nude; alone thankfully. Decision time. I thought 'go for it' and undressed and suggested a swim together. She was very good and didn't stare at my obvious lack of 'manhood'.

I decided on our next meeting to try to explain my lack of testicles and very small 'boyish' thin penis (roughly two inches in length). She seemed to understand, or more likely not really mind as she said that it didn't matter. Most of the local French groups were only after one thing — sex, and I was far more interesting to her as I was not obviously after sex. We had a good summer together, sunbathed, swam, had meals



together and generally had a good time before I departed back to work in England.

I used all opportunities in the next few summers to be a nudist. In 1980 at a club I used to visit I met a divorced lady four years older than me, who in 1982 became my wife.

We have now enjoyed eleven years of togetherness and nudism.



## PHOTOGRAPHER'S MODEL RELEASE FORM

I hereby give permission for any photographs taken of me by

(Photographer's name).....

on/between (dates).....

at (locations).....  
to be published in any edition of Health and Efficiency magazine.

Signed (subject/s).....

Name.....

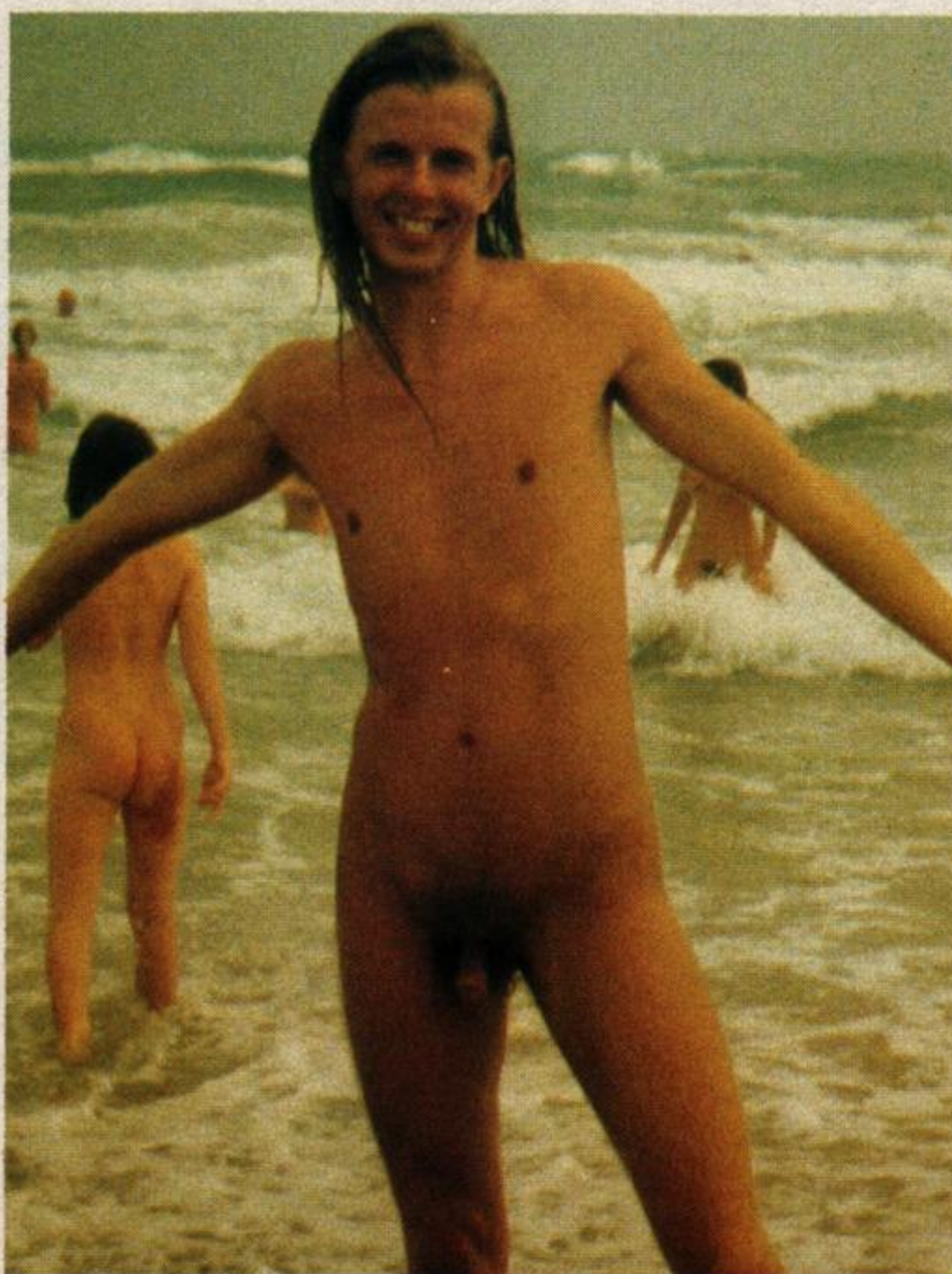
Address.....

.....

.....

Signed (photographer's name).....

To be sent with any photographic submissions



*The forecast said sunshine!*

## THE GREAT RELATE DEBATE

**I**N 'Relate' you ask for comment on the subjects 'Relate' and 'Family Album' so I thought an opinion from way down here would not go amiss.

'Relate' is excellent and should be continued, but 'Family Album' was the finest and most interesting section of pages ever printed in H & E and I could not understand why it was ever discontinued. I couldn't believe my eyes when I picked up my first copy with it missing and was so annoyed I almost stopped buying it, except that it is still too good to miss.

I have been purchasing H & E since 1935, except for the war years, and still get as much enjoyment from it now as I did then.

It has certainly progressed and all to the good.

I am a member of N.Z. Free Beach Group and also a registered Sun Club in New Zealand.

Many thanks for the continued quality of your magazine and hope to be able to read many more issues yet.

New Zealand L.M.

('Relate' contains as many readers' pictures as 'Family Album' did but allows for more letters and comment, so you get more space to have your say. By the way, from Autumn we'll also carry readers' photos in our Quarterly editions. — Ed.)



## BRITAIN ALONE

**W**HY is it that we alone of all the European nations hanker after the curious and outmoded rite of circumcision? Why should only the British want to destroy a sensitive and enjoyable part of their sexual apparatus? Could it be a by-product of our sexual puritanism — or even a punishment for masturbation? Because there's no logical medical reason for it. The charge that it violates a child's human rights to the integrity of his own body cannot be avoided.

I am proud of the fact that I gave birth to a perfectly formed child and I want him to grow up that way. I suspect that nearly all mums in this day and age feel the same way.

J.L.

Stevenage

## BASIC BIAS

**A**NY of your readers who may inadvertently wander onto a textile beach these days will be heartened to see that younger children (and some older ones) are nowadays allowed to dispense with swimsuits. On a hot day last summer I must have seen hundreds of small boys running around nude on the beach and what particularly struck me in contrast to males of my generation was that not a single one of them was circumcised.

Consequently I am amazed to see a preponderance of young chaps featured on your pages who are, or give the appearance of being circumcised. Also I see articles and correspondence in favour of circumcision and advice on how to get it done. Does this mean that naturists as a group tend to prefer the circumcised state?

M.K.

Middx

*(Naturists share the same preferences as anyone else, I should think. There are advocates for both states as the ideal. It's an individual choice. And, after all, it would be hard to print an article on how not to get it done! — Ed.)*

My penis has unfortunately shrivelled somewhat over the years and basically is just a few folds of wrinkled skin these days, with very little width to it. Being with my wife has helped me cope with some potentially embarrassing situations much more easily. I have also made some very good female friends at naturist clubs and beaches as well, and I'm sure in this respect my emasculated state has been of some help!

Being a nudist has also helped me not have to explain to potential girlfriends in my twenties and early thirties that I was devoid of basically any

manhood; as it was obviously patently clear to them in my naked state. Another plus, no embarrassing public erections to contend with.

I think in some ways never having had an erection or real sexual stimulation has made it far easier (if that's the right word) to cope with my situation over the years. Also if I had not been surgically castrated in my teens I may well have missed out on a lifetime (hopefully) of naturism!

We (I) really hope my story will encourage others with medical/health problems to explore the wide possibilities of naturism.

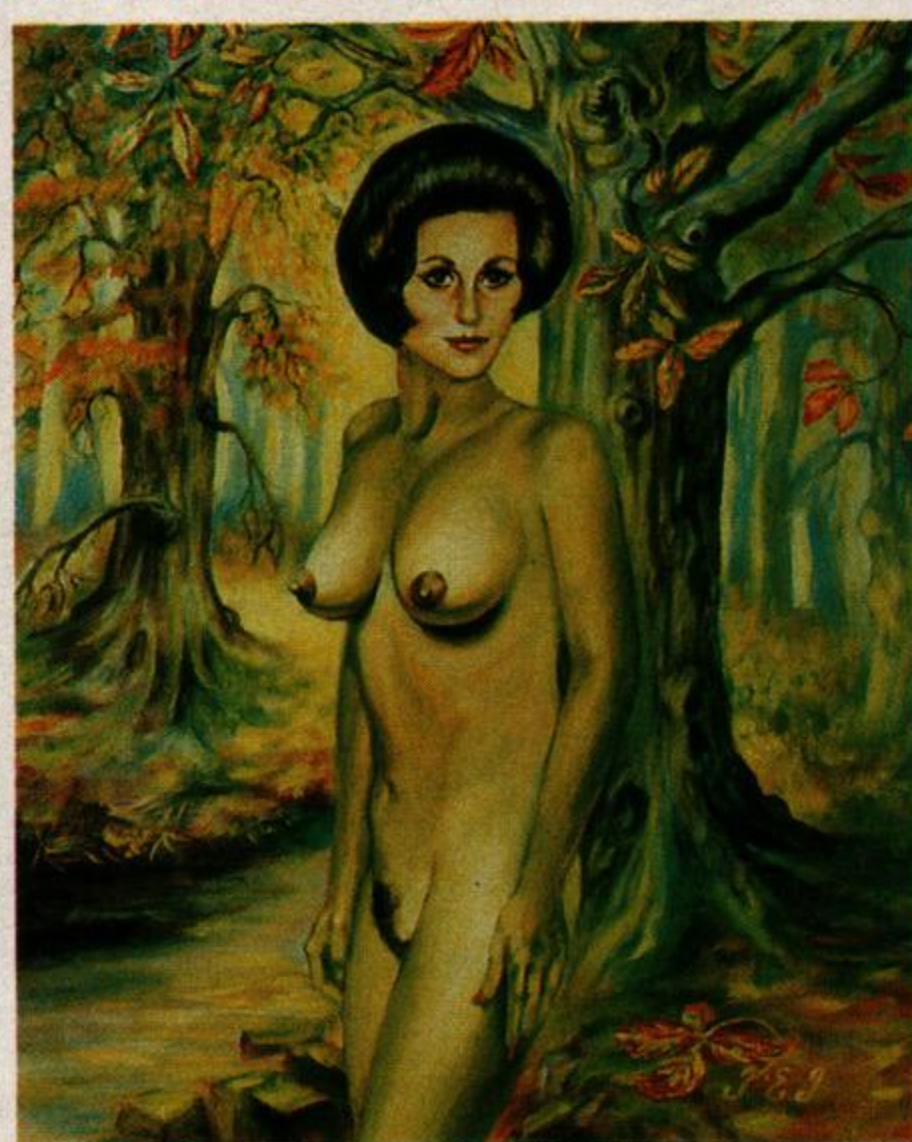
Sussex

T.H.

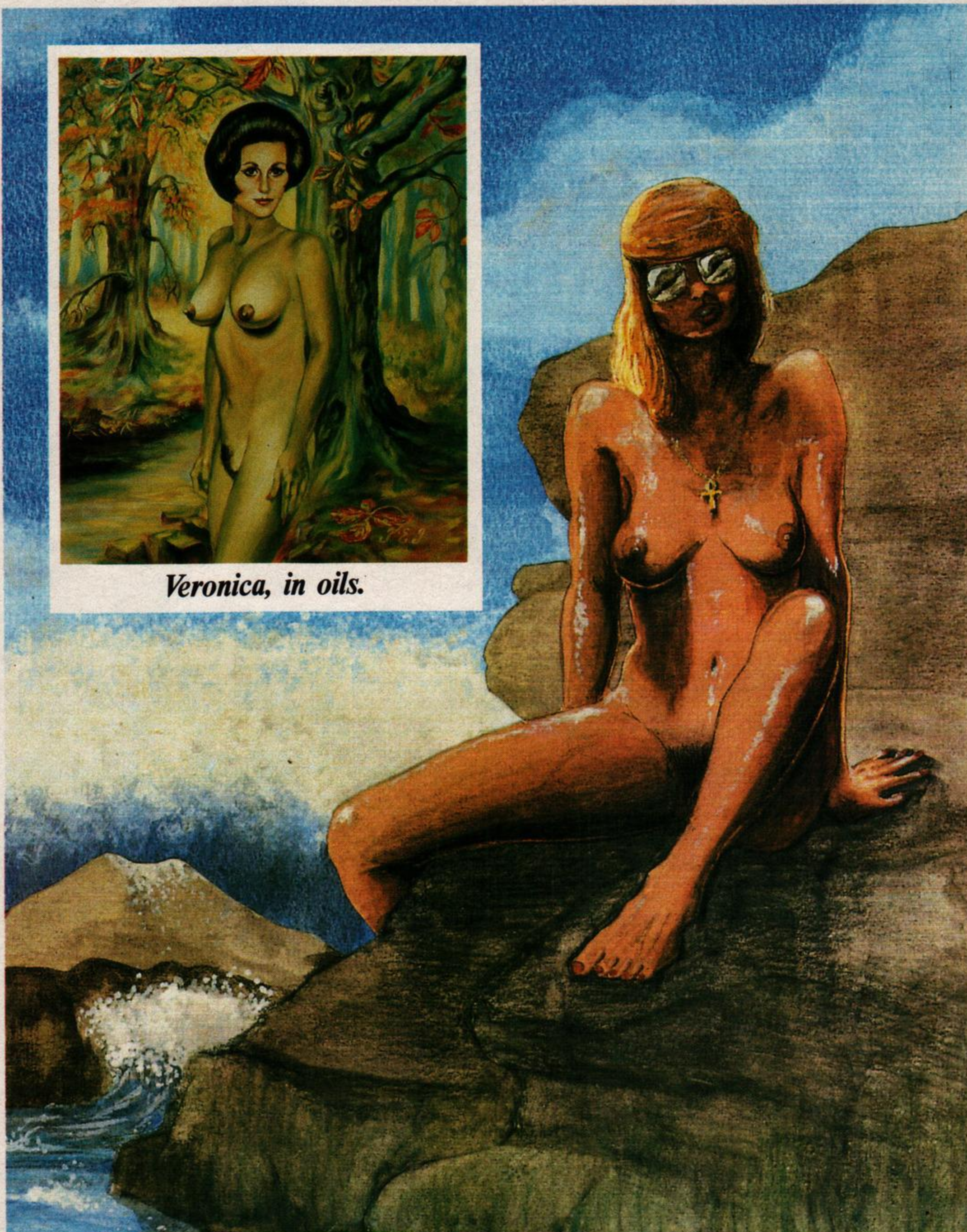
## CROATIA'S CRY

**W**E live in Croatia, where there are many lovely naturist resorts. Unfortunately, all of them were closed last year, due to the cruel war being waged here. This year our nudist resorts will be re-opened, so we hope that many of you will return to spend your naturist holidays in Croatia, on the Adriatic coast.

The Yugoslav Federal Army destroyed many of our towns, villages, churches, schools, hospitals, civil buildings and protected historical monuments. Many people were killed or brutally massacred, while others have been forced to leave their



*Veronica, in oils.*



## ART GALLERY

If you're not having much luck with photography, maybe you should try bodypainting — the other sort, using canvas or paper! Here's a couple of examples to inspire you.



homes, often without taking any possessions with them.

My birthplace, Chanak, near the Plitvice Lakes, has been completely destroyed. It is now dead. There are more than 600,000 refugees scattered elsewhere as a consequence of the war.

I must confess, with some shame, that we are in need of your help. If anyone is kind enough to send us a small amount of financial aid, which won't cost them too much but will be of great help to us, we would be heartily grateful.

Nich and Monica Golic  
Croatia

(If you want to help, you can send cheques, made out to CCBN's Emergency Fund, to Central Council for British Naturism, Assurance House, 35-41 Hazelwood Road, Northampton NN1 1LL. — Ed.)

## NEW BALLS PLEASE

**I** LIKE the rest of the population, spend two weeks at this time of year locked in my lounge, surrounded by strawberries and cream and empty Robinson's Barley Water bottles, watching the greatest tennis



*Lying down under — in New South Wales.*



## NUDIST OPENINGS IN MOSCOW

AS in Moscow the summer is very short, and not everyone is able to get to the nude area at Serebrjanyi (Silver Wood Park), many people use their spare time to go to a sauna, have a swim and relax.

Not everyone is used to the idea of mixed saunas and swimming nude. Only a few Soviets and some foreigners are actually enjoying these activities here. I enclose a few photos of a friend and myself enjoying some of the indoor nudist facilities here in Moscow.

W.S.

Moscow

tournament in the world — Wimbledon.

I've seen all the designer sweatbands, dodgy line-calls, delightful drop-volleys and deadly second-serves but no nudity. Well, they couldn't really play with nothing on could they?

We could though! How about a nude tennis tournament, maybe between neighbouring nudist clubs or at somewhere like Eureka where everyone could just turn up and join in?

Wimbledon

C. Lasencher

## NEXT MONTH

- photography
- naked picnics
- walking the nudist way
- fake tans, real naturists

### Travel:

Nude in Britain's 'textile country'

Surprised in Poland

Enraptured by magical Cap d'Agde, in France

### Plus:

Britain's club for single naturists; first-time on the beach; readers' experiences, views and photos and all the regulars — Marianne, James Lewis, Vanessa, Mugshots, Man of the Month, and Alison

— H & E 93/8 —  
On sale 30.7.92



# MUG SHOTS

Readers' Chance! Each month Murray Wren takes a look at some of our readers' pictures. His comments are meant to help not only those who sent in the photographs but also those who might never send a picture to a magazine but would like to know a few 'tricks of the trade'. This month he discusses the importance of getting some action into your pictures. It's easy really, just so long as you watch some of the finer points. Why not send yours in to 'Mug Shots' at the usual H & E address?



**A** This cheerful beach scene (Studland Bay?) is taken with a long focus lens and could be susceptible to camera shake. Use a tripod.



**B** Another different beach in Porec, Yugoslavia, where the photographer is very much in control, unlike the Studland one.



**C** Again Yugoslavia in the Kovasada resort. What does this have in common with reader's picture A?



**D** A slim healthy girl — no wonder if she cut all that wood behind her.

## 'LIGHTS: CAMERA: ACTION'

**A** ND action is the most important of all — at least this week!

Reader's picture A has the subjects moving, even if they are just walking. But he took this shot from some distance with a long focal length lens — I suspect 135mm. The result has been a bit of camera shake which I think has knocked the sharpness. Always a problem with action pictures. Make sure you are using a fast shutter speed when you have action in your sights. At least 1/500th of a second.

Picture B represents a different situation. Whereas in picture A the reader had no control of the action, here it's up to the photographer. But surely he could have been a bit more adventurous? Girl removing shoe is a bit tame. Why not diving into the

water, or if too shallow kicking water? Never-the-less again it demonstrates that any action is better than none.

Now what has reader's picture C have in common with picture A? I suspect it was taken while the subjects were unaware of a camera. Only the seated girl has spotted the camera. And once again the hurried 'snap' has resulted in a certain amount of 'camera shake'.

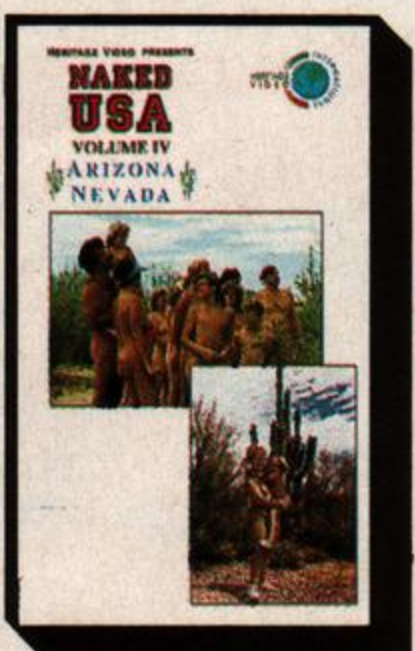
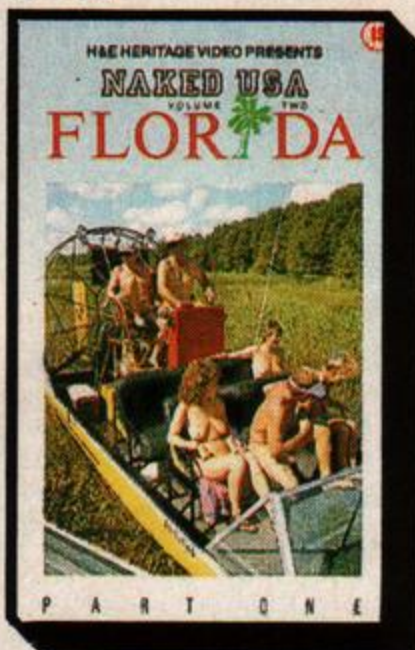
Finally picture D. Here the girl is beautifully outlined against a subdued background. Again action of a sort, but I have difficulty believing it. The girl looks as though she needs help to remove the axe. In other words the 'action' is not quite believable. Your pictures must 'work'.



Order form in on page 46

# Want to get further afield than Europe?

You don't even have to catch the plane to enjoy the USA series from H&E Heritage Videos. Take off in style from your lounge!



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Explore the unique flavour of nudism in each state. You'll meet the naturists, the wild life and the oddballs courtesy of the camera lens. These videos are valuable as travelogues in their own right and unequalled in their coverage of USA nude freedom.

• **California parts 1&2:**

Nude California is a strange—and sunny—place. Watch the sights of horseriding, underwater swimming and a wedding—all performed nude in part 1, or the naked delights of skydiving, yoga and wet T-shirt competitions in Part 2. 60 mins. approx. each

• **Texas:**

The nude fun shown in this video of Texas is a delight to follow. Watch the Texans enjoy naked nature trails, ballooning, lakeside games and a nude 4th July celebration. 60 mins. approx. each

• **Florida parts 1&2:**

Visit sunny nude Florida Keys with its teeming wildlife, see the rocket launching bases and the ever-popular Disney world in part 1. Part 2 looks at some luxurious nudist clubs and discos—one English couple emigrated here to enjoy nude life to the full! Both approx. 60 mins.

• **Arizona/Nevada:**

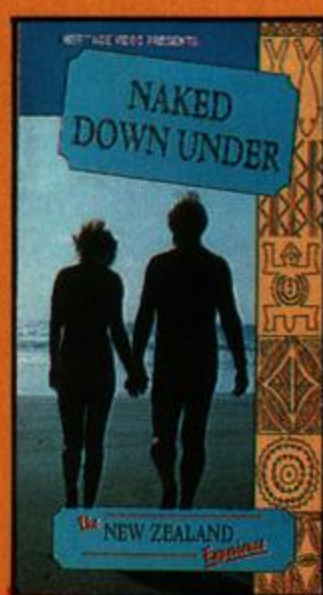
The latest video from Heritage. Join in the varied nudist fun—including desert rambles and waterskiing. Take a bird's eye view of the nude club scene in these naked states. 60 mins. approx.

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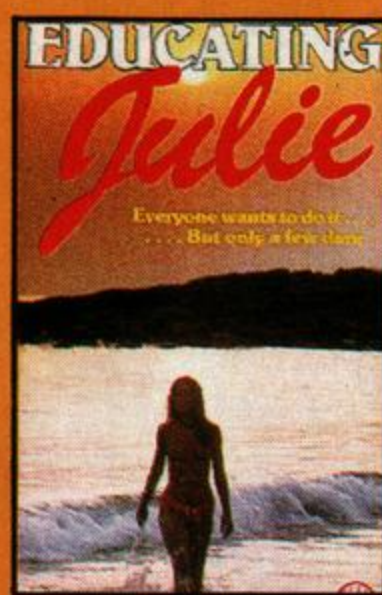
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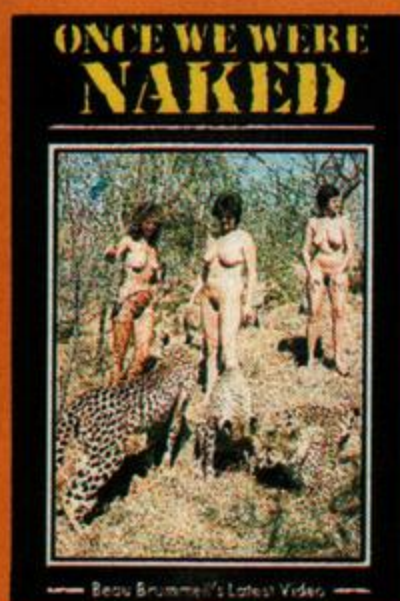


From Naked New Zealand islands and hot springs and even nude golf (*Naked Down Under*) to some Brave Winter Nudity (*Winter in Holland*).....

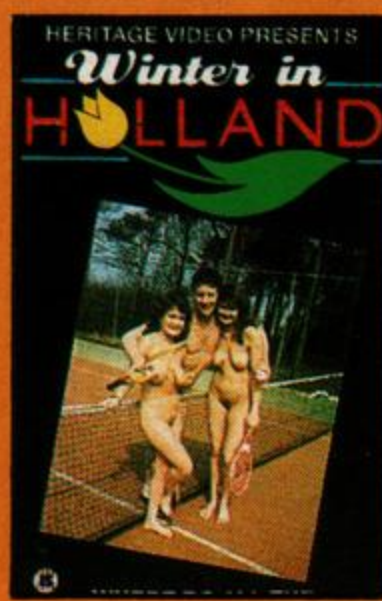


From the classic 60's nude success (*Naked as Nature Intended*) to the first naked feature film on video (*Educating Julie*)

All films run approx 60 minutes, except Let yourself Be Free (30 minutes) and Educating Julie (105 minutes)



From the happy world of contemporary American sun clubs (*Let Yourself be Free*) on to the pulsating jungle undertow of Africa (*Naked Africa* and *Once We Were Naked*)....



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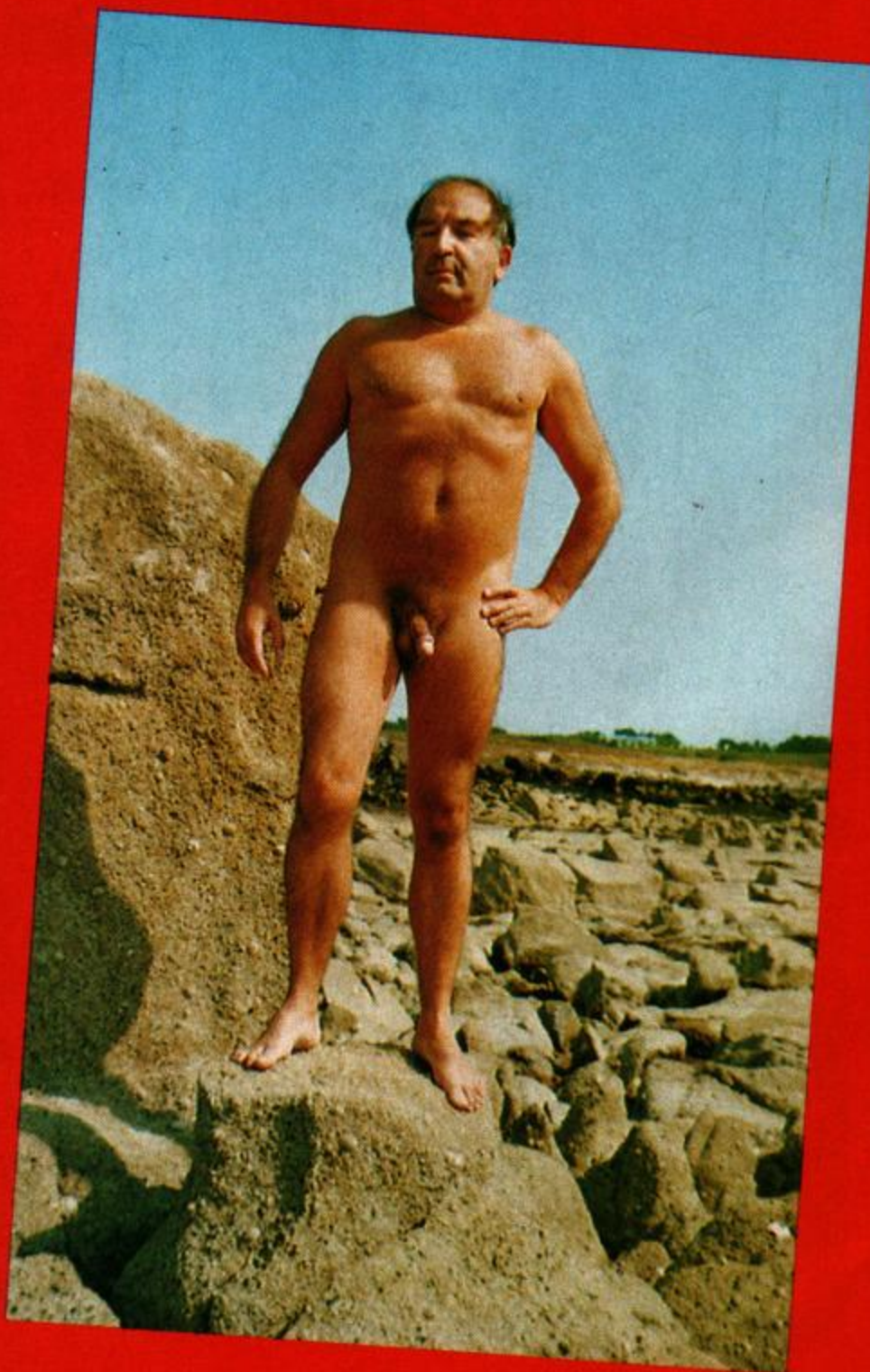
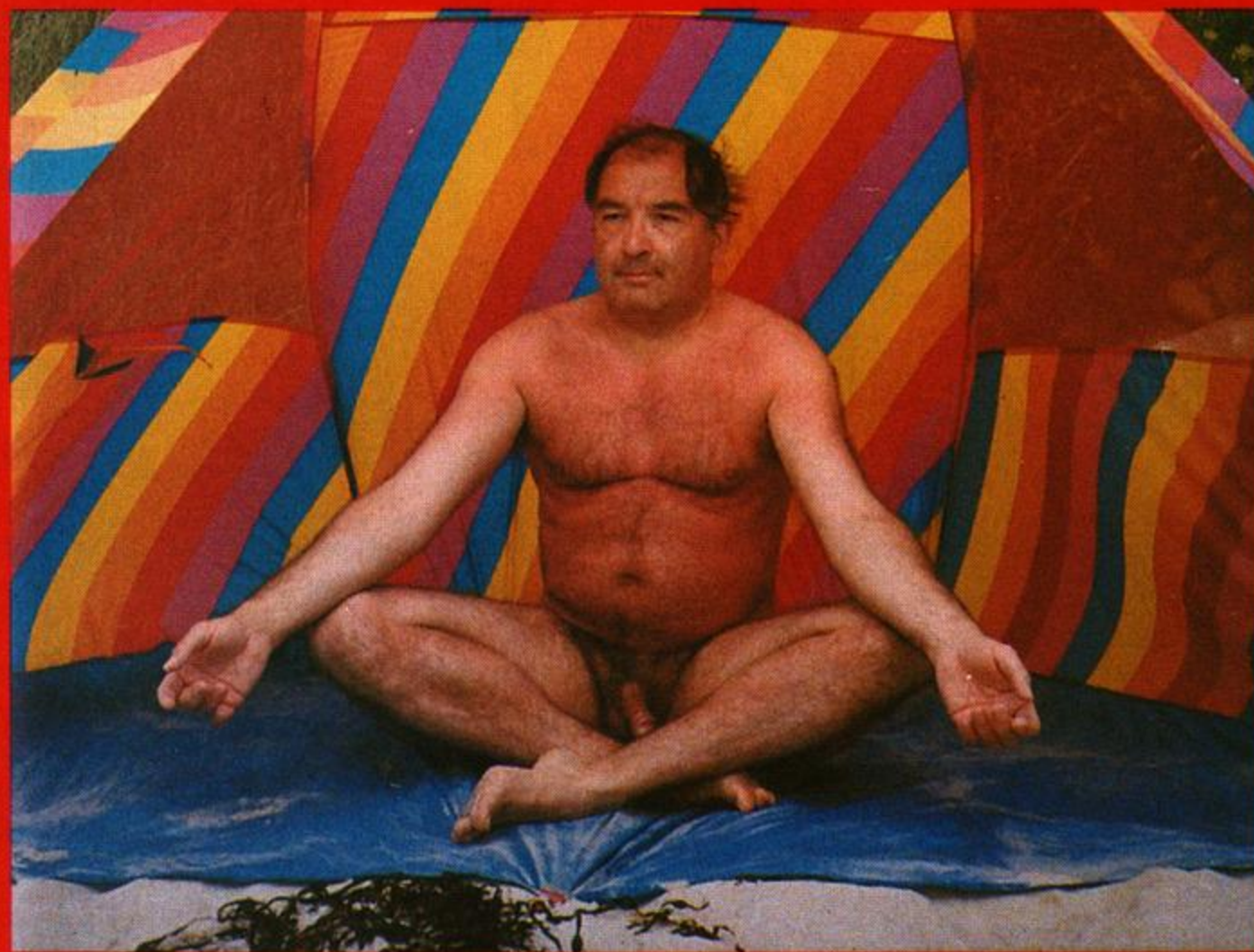
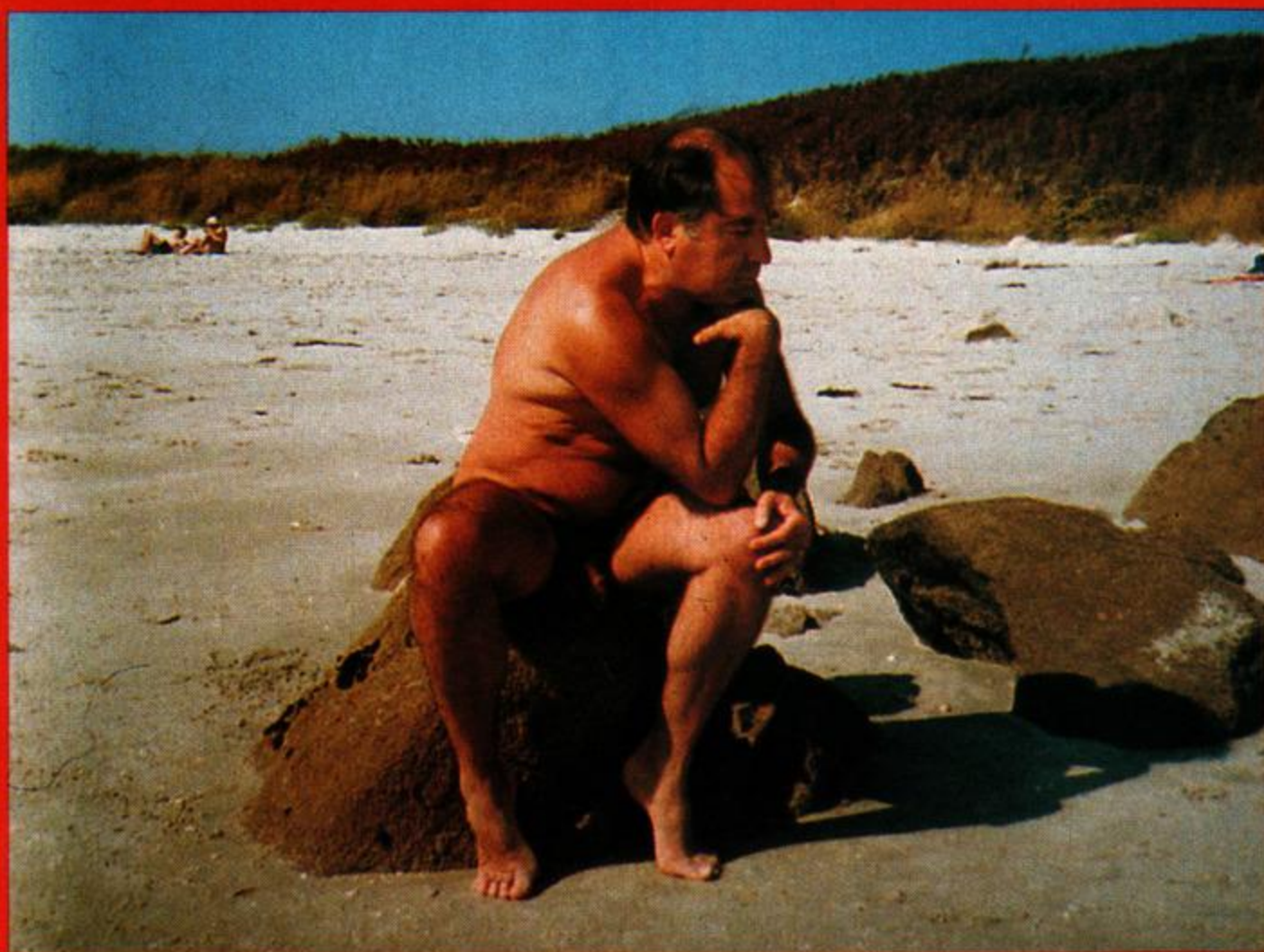
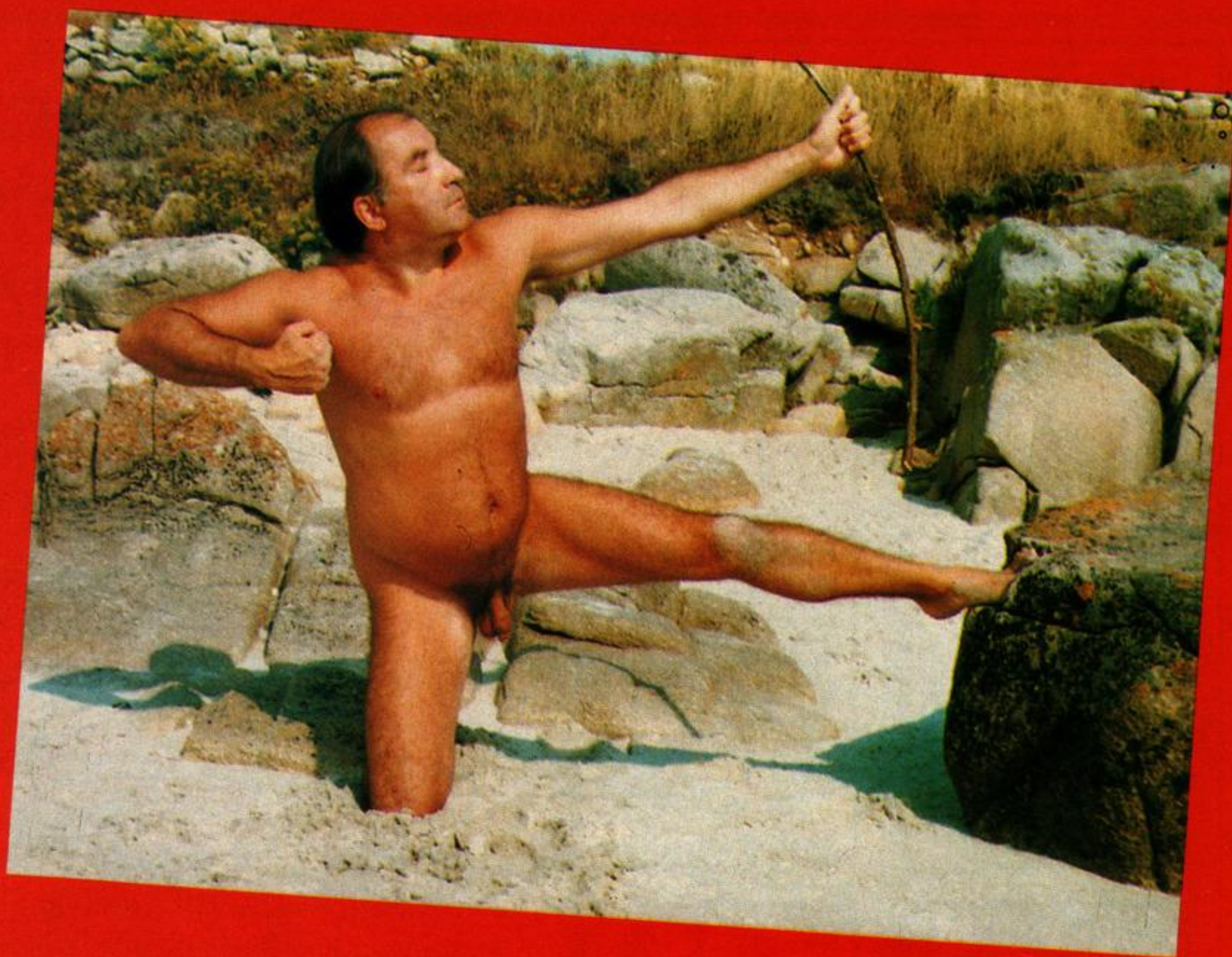
For full prices, basic details of the USA series of videos, and to order, see page 46



**MAN of the MONTH**

# **FAMOUS SCULPTURES**

This month's man is Gérard Lebasé from France, who enjoys posing like famous sculptures. Send your contributions to H & E, 28 Charles Square, Pitfield Street, London N1 6HT.

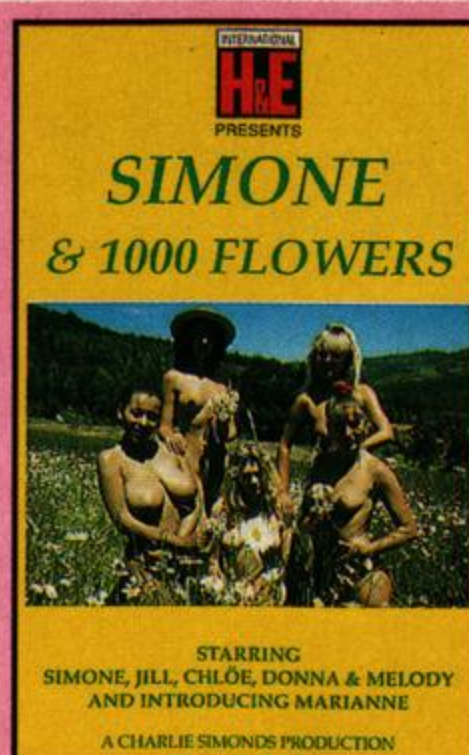
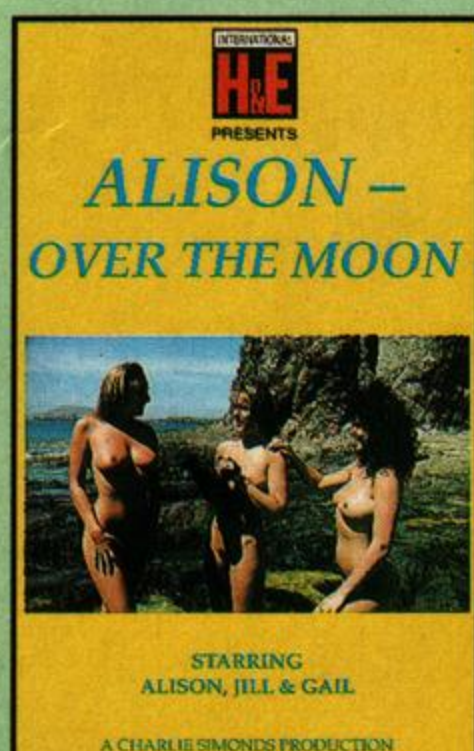




Enjoy the naturist action of H&E's own videos

## Alison Over The Moon

H&E's lively new columnist Alison joins photographer Jill at a naturist resort on Lanzarote in this fun video by Charlie Simonds. They meet Gail, a bored time-share rep, who joins them in their naked jaunts across the exotic island.  
55 mins.



## Simone and 1000 flowers

Millefleurs is a beautiful, back to nature nudist camp in Southern France. Marianne, H&E's agony aunt, teaches yoga there and writes her columns. When Simone, Jill, Donna and Melody turn up, her problem solving skills are soon put to the test!  
55 mins.

## Perfect Exposure

H&E naturist photographer and cover model Jill takes Sam and Vida on a nudist photo trip to the sunny resort of Arnaoutchot. Jill joins her models in their natural state to capture some memorable images of nudism.  
55 mins

## Hitch Hike

Tanya and Lisa are on a hitch-hiking holiday through France, when one lift takes them in the most natural direction of all—straight to a nudist camp. Soon the two are busy enjoying the freedom of horse riding, shopping and even aerobics without a stitch of clothing between them.  
55 mins.

All these videos are £30.60 each (UK). To order fill out the coupon on page 46



## 'The Girl With No Name' - produced by Charlie Simonds

Enjoy the luxury of Vera Playa, the arid desert landscape and sparkling seas of south east Spain, and of course pure escapism with Chloe, Gayle and Sammy as they live, work - and dream - in the naturist complex.

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Here's Chloe....but who's that on the poster?...

Now meet Gayle and Sammy at Vera Playa enjoying the sunshine....

But who is the Girl with No Name?



Order your  
video on  
page 46



**QUESTION** What's the connection between a harem, the Wild West, Cleopatra, flamenco and Big Spender?  
**ANSWER** They're all in this film!





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## Marianne

H&E's rising star. She's sophisticated, looks cool – yet readers of the H&E agony column just love the warmth she exudes.

Charlie Simonds



## Alison

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